PERIODICAL ROOM
GENERAL LIBRARY
UNIV. OF MICH.
FEB 25 1946

THE NEW

STATESMAN AND NATION

The Week-end Review

Vol. XXXI. No. 781. [Incorporating THE ATHENÆUM] SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 9, 1946 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a newspaper] SIXPENCE

CONTENTS

	Page
COMMENTS	93
THE POLICY AND THE INSTRUMENT	95
SIMPLE ARITHMETIC	95
THE ANGLO-RUSSIAN TRADE HOLD-UP. By Maurice Edelman, M.P.	96
WHEN THAT APRILIS. By Sagittarius	97
THIS ENGLAND	97
WASHINGTON DIARY. By R. H. S. Crossman, M.P.	97
UNRRA AND INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS. By Kenneth Syers	98
THE MATRIMONIAL MUDDLE CONTINUES. By Solicitor	99
HEAVENLY HOP-SCOTCH. By Ritchie Calder	100
ENGLISH PAINTING. By Roger Marvell	100
THE MOVIES. By William Whitebait	100
MESSIAEN	100
RADIO NOTES. By Edward Sackville West	101
CORRESPONDENCE	101
From J. Lucas; Cedric Belfrage; E. B. Calvert; Richard Lamb; Rose Tandy; D. Saklatvala; George H. Maitland; and others.	
BOOKS IN GENERAL. By Desmond Shawe-Taylor	104
REVIEWS:	
Out of the Prison Camps. By G. W. Stonier.	104
More About the Devil. By C. E. M. Joad	105
The Difficult Child. By Ciceley M. Craven	106
Report on Moscow. By John Lawrence	107
The Paint Cure. By T. C. Worsley	108
Bostonian Poland. By Freda White	108
Richard Hooker. By H. R. Trevor-Roper	109
WEEK-END COMPETITIONS	109

PRESTIGE AND MOTHER HUBBARD

SIR BEN SMITH'S statement that all the world will have much less to eat in the coming months has recalled everyone with a jerk to a sense of reality. These are the matters which UNO should be discussing. The food shortage is due, not to lack of resources but to the economic chaos of an interdependent world, just as the political quarters are due to the lack of world government. If Mr. Bevin has his way, the Assembly, before it disperses, will concern itself with some of these realities. As it is, we have two unrelated debates, one domestic and economic, about the plight of the British housewife—who remains, after all the cuts, incomparably better off than wives and mothers in many countries—and the other, international and political, about Persia, Greece, Indonesia, Lebanon and Syria, the prestige of sovereign States and the veto of Great Powers.

Mr. Vyshinsky could have made a case against the British in Greece. He could have complained that the British landed troops there for strategic reasons (as Mr. Bevin told the Labour Party in 1944) and in order to abort a revolution. While paying a tribute to Mr. Bevin's recent efforts to rectify past mistakes and revive democracy in Greece, he could have shown how our past support of the Right there has left an inheritance with which Mr. Bevin at present struggles in vain. Indeed, Mr. Vyshinsky's one good idea was to quote Mr. Sophianopoulis on the failure of the British to obtain a genuine amnesty or, indeed, to create any of the conditions in which free elections are possible. But Mr. Vyshinsky destroyed his case from the outset, since he set out to prove the untenable thesis that the mere presence of British troops in Greece endangers peace. This could only be true in the sense that the British support of the Greek Right may leave a chauvinistic faction in power which might some day be dangerous. Mr. Vyshinsky did not make this point clearly. His brief was improvised on the basis of hastily collected press-cuttings. Perhaps he said so little about 1944, because at that time Russia gave Britain full diplomatic support in exchange for a free hand in Rumania.

Mr. Bevin had no difficulty in replying. In his speech on Friday he made the mistake of confusing the occasional advantages of rudeness in private with the necessity of suavity in dealing with a great and super-sensitive Power in public when the fact that the world's press is watching makes issues of prestige seem so very important. Perhaps less public debate, oiled by the League device of a *rapporteur*, might have avoided so blunt a challenge to "national dignity." Mr. Bevin's speech on Monday was a superb piece of debating, which convinced everyone, including even the Polish delegation, that Russia had not made its case. If the Soviet Union had been prepared to allow the Council to say that Britain was not endangering peace and to note our desire to be out of Greece as soon as democratic conditions exist there, the debate, like the discussion on Persia, would have done good. Unfortunately, the Russians refused to accept this verdict, and threatened to use their veto.

This raised issues that far transcend the question of Greece. The presence of British troops in Indonesia and of French and British troops in Lebanon and Syria are next on the agenda. Nor can we see any reason why the withdrawal of American troops from China and the Pacific, Russian from the island of Bornholm, and other bodies of troops in many parts of the world should not be discussed according to the same procedure. But what is the use of discussing these or any other problems in UNO if any of the Great Powers are going to use their veto to block any resolution which they dislike? Fortunately, the Russians, who certainly want UNO to survive, finally accepted a compromise by which the views of all the other delegations, in Britain's favour, were noted, but no resolution passed.

The Food Crisis

Abrupt stoppage of dried eggs, reduction of cooking fats, reversion to war-time bread, with a consequent curtailment of millers' offals for animal feed—all these make Sir Ben Smith's pill bitter for the British citizen to swallow. Too little had been done by the Minister to prepare the public. For the attentive, it is true, there had been previous warnings. As long ago as last June, the Conference of Allied Food Ministers in London drew attention to prospective world deficits in meat, fats and sugar; and, two months later, the Combined Food Boards in Washington announced that the outlook for 1945-46 crops was occasioning "grave misgivings." But on his return last month from a conference on food in Washington, Sir Ben Smith said nothing to prepare the press or the public for the coming curtailments; and the Minister of Agriculture's decision, last autumn, to halve the wheat acreage subsidy tended naturally to raise hopes that the cereal position was becoming easier. Now, suddenly, British farmers learn that they must revert as best they can to war-time agricultural priorities; and the housewife must "make do"—though she will take some convincing that shortage of dollars could not have been overcome by restricting imports of American commodities less essential than dried eggs The hard facts now disclosed cannot be burked. The cereal needs of the importing countries in 1946 exceed enormously the exportable supplies in sight; and, since the Minister of Food was in Washington, the situation has grown worse. Notably, drought in South Africa has reduced prospective supplies from the Southern Hemisphere, and crop failures threaten famine in large parts of India. The Indian Government are in consequence compelled to retain large quantities of ground-nuts which otherwise would have been available for the manufacture of fats for the British consumer—a striking example of the interdependence of the world's food supplies.

Spanish Coup d'Etat?

The publicity given to the Spanish Pretender on his visit to Lisbon has made plain to everyone a situation long understood by the few. The project is to oust Franco and substitute Don Juan as King of Spain. The argument for this strange enterprise is that the Spanish people are profoundly opposed to Franco, but also anxious to avoid further bloodshed and civil war. Therefore, it is said, the best way to rid Europe of Franco is to support an intrigue by which generals, who

are tired of him, may overthrow him by a bloodless revolution. The policy of the British Government throughout the war has been directed toward this end and the Madrid Embassy staff chosen for this purpose. The Labour Government inherited this policy, and, judging from its failure to receive or support the Giral Republican Government, now formed in exile, it does not intend to reverse a policy which the Conservatives conceived, but dared not carry through for fear of the public reaction. The argument in favour of a monarchy instead of a dictatorship would be attractive if the change would involve any important step towards Spanish liberty. In fact, it is unlikely to alter anything in Spain. The army and clerical group which rules Spain under Franco would be more securely entrenched under Don Juan. The Republican movement has not died under the most wretched of European dictatorships. Politically, resistance is widespread, and guerilla warfare (sometimes not very far from Madrid) is active even now; how large or how small it is Madrid's censorship prevents us from knowing. It is not "Communist," though it includes Communists; it is anti-clerical and Republican resistance. The monarchy would not be able to liberalise Spain even if it wished, because it can only establish itself by the same force that upholds Franco. The wise policy for Britain is to follow the lead of the United States in withdrawing its Ambassador on indefinite furlough; to send a representative to work with and to strengthen the Giral Government and to do what it can to encourage the opposition forces within Spain. They, in spite of Caudillo or King, will liberate themselves in the end.

Brita and Egypt

The British offer to start "preliminary conversations" on the issues raised in the Egyptian Note of December 20th has momentarily eased tension in Cairo; but the demand for the evacuation of British troops and the cession of the Sudan has now become so powerful in Egypt that no Government can remain in power unless it presses these demands. King Farouk has also informed his Prime Minister that no economic treaty may be concluded with Britain that does not apply equally to the United States. Under pressure from the younger and more radical elements in the party, the Wafd leaders have now associated themselves with the general demand that the British should quit. No less than Nokrasshy Pasha and the King, they are aware of the growing social tensions inside Egypt, and are not sorry that public attention has been diverted to nationalist issues. Unlike the group of great landlords who are now in power, however, they desire major social reforms and a limitation of the King's prerogatives. It seems unlikely that the British Government will readily cede the Sudan, where its administrative record has been good; and it will take a lot to persuade Mr. Bevin to evacuate our troops from Egypt. If the "dispute" is brought before UNO, will this be an occasion for a British veto?

Towards Chinese Unity

The Chinese press has been enthusiastic and unanimous about the achievements of the Political Consultation Conference. It has, indeed, resulted in the revival of a united national front. Kuomintang and Communist alike now have the chance of rebuilding their war-scarred country. General Chiang Kai-shek emerges as the accepted national leader, and he may remain so if he is at last prepared to face the challenge of the new China. No student of Chinese politics is likely to assume lasting success, but it may be said that this agreement is serious, has involved genuine concessions on both sides, and may work. Some Right-wing elements, especially in the army, are angry, particularly about the proposed reduction of the Government forces to 90 divisions. These will be merged with the Communist forces of 20 divisions into a single national army. But the majority of the people welcome the proposed Coalition which will function as the Chinese Government until the National Assembly meets on May 5th. If this Coalition can weather the next few months, the National Assembly may prove a turning-point in China's history. Four hundred and fifty of the new places will be filled by election, including 150 from the North-Eastern provinces and Formosa. The remaining 700 will be nominated, the distribution among the parties being Kuomintang 200, Communists 190, Democratic League 120, Youth Party 100 and non-Partisan 70. The National Assembly is soon to meet in Nanking to consider as its first item the new Constitution.

Germany's Economic Future

February 2nd, the date laid down at Potsdam for the final assessment of reparations in kind transferable from the Western Zones of Germany, has come and gone; but no agreement is in sight, no decision has yet been reached on the future over-all level of industrial production which will enable Germany to support itself on "average European standards." All that emerges from the latest Progress Report issued by the British and American sections of Allied Control is that piecemeal decisions are being taken without any comprehensive guiding plan. No plant, apparently, is to be left for the production of aluminium, synthetic petrol and rubber, heavy machine tools, tractors or "war" chemicals. Output of other chemicals and of engineering products generally is to be limited to Germany's domestic requirements. What is Germany to export to pay for the raw materials and foodstuffs which she will require? No sort of answer is discernible; nor probably can it be reached until there is agreement as to the future control of the Ruhr. Meanwhile, the Occupying Power has got to foot the bill for the substantial imports of food required to keep the population alive in the British Zone —a farcical situation in view of Britain's own shortage of foreign exchange.

Housing Finance

Mr. Bevan has rightly decided that building activities by local authorities must not be impeded during the present phase of high building costs by lack of adequately generous subsidies. The Housing Bill, presented to Parliament this week, provides for a "general standard" subsidy of £22 per house (of which £16 10s. will be found by the Exchequer), with still higher subsidies for agricultural dwellings and for flats built on high-cost sites. These subsidies should be sufficient adequately to bridge the gap between the "economic" rent and the rent which tenants can afford to pay, given the present average wage level. The cost to the Exchequer, per 100,000 three-bedroom houses built, will be approximately £2,000,000, and the annual charge on the rates £615,000. These are manageable figures in relation to the need of meeting the immediate acute shortage; but obviously, if it were financed on this basis, the complete programme of rehousing ahead of us (including the replacement of some 3,000,000 slum dwellings) would involve both Treasury and local authorities in an immense expenditure. Mr. Bevan wisely proposes to review the rate of subsidy in June, 1947. By that time, it is to be hoped, he will have succeeded in getting building costs down. The other problem which he will have to face is that of inflated land costs.

The Shipping Outlook

The liquidation of the United Nations shipping pool makes it necessary to face at once the very serious situation which faces the British shipping industry both in the immediate future and even a longer period ahead. The shipping tonnage owned by the United States has risen nearly fivefold as compared with 1939, whereas every other important maritime country has to face a sharp fall in total tonnage. Great Britain built 7 million tons during the war, but lost over 10½ million; and there now remain less than 16 million (including 3.7 million of tanker tonnage) to serve our needs in all parts of the world. These are the circumstances under which the wartime practice of requisitioning tonnage is being given up and replaced by licensing. No doubt there will be American surplus vessels for sale—at a price; but have we the dollars to buy them, and, if so, must we buy vessels which shipping opinion regards as inefficient for normal peacetime uses, or can we afford to wait and build up our tonnage gradually by new building? The Americans are said to be aiming at a permanent tonnage that will carry half their total import-*plus*-export trade—a much higher proportion than in the past; and this makes it all the more important for Great Britain rapidly to re-establish its position as a carrier in other parts of the world. We cannot afford to wait longer than we must; but, if the merchant marine has to be restored partly on uneconomic lines for national revenue, there is obviously an overwhelming case for complete public control—indeed, we should say "for nationalisation," did we not realise the impracticability of adding any more to the Government's immediate programme in this field.

Rebuilding the East End

The London County Council this week decided to finish the job which Hitler started. The slums and sweat-shops of the East End are to be razed and on their unhallowed sites is to rise a garden city of houses and flats, modern factories, new schools and ample parks. The scheme covers 2,000 acres, embracing most of Stepney and Poplar, north of the docks. The land alone will cost £45,000,000, and it will take thirty years to fulfil the vision. But work has already begun in one part and other developments are projected immediately on ground the bombs have cleared. Industry will be zoned, and the workshops—tailoring and the like—will be taken out of converted houses and communalised in "flatted factories," a number of firms sharing a large building and its amenities. Here is "neighbourhood planning" which conceives communities and ignores borough boundaries.

PARLIAMENT : The "Interests"

Wednesday

At the height of the war, a speaker at a meeting of the Property Owners' Association announced that he would rather die fighting in the streets of London than surrender his liberty. He wasn't discussing invasion; he was opposing the Uthwatt Report. This week, Parliamentary interpreters of the City and the Land showed an almost equal determination in resisting the Investment (Control and Guarantees) Bill and the Land Acquisition Bill.

As a parenthesis between these debates, Ellen Wilkinson presented her Education Bill, which was welcomed on both sides of the House in an almost wistful mood of general agreement. David Hardman, Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Education and a former don, made from the despatch-box a warm, undonnish speech, which showed a rare understanding of the "upward anguish" (now to be eased) of the working-class child in its progress from elementary school to secondary school and university.

On Tuesday, the educationists gave way to the land-agents and lawyers and financiers and company-directors. With a familiar mastery which the Tories resent, but can't shake, Dalton explained how his Investment Bill is designed to restrict speculation, defend the small man against the share-racketeer, and guide investment in nationally useful directions. Assheton of the City of London replied with a tear-jerking hypothesis of a man who "invents an umbrella which dries itself and rolls itself automatically," and goes to Dalton's Capital Issues Committee for permission to float a company. Delayed by various Ministries, the umbrella manufacturer at last "with a heavy heart uses what little money he has left to buy a ticket to go to America."

Bracken of Bournemouth reinforced Assheton's illustration with the example of Courtauld's. The 19th century supposition that private financiers are the only suitable agents for encouraging technical progress was in harmony with the general quality of Bracken's tract-like and unapplauded speech.

Frank Soskice, the Solicitor-General, despite his quiet voice which puts him at a disadvantage whenever the Tories are in their hearty, after-dinner mood, made a capable reply, but weakened his case by referring to the Bill as "harmless." Labour wants major planning (including the field of investment) which will thoroughly harm every interest opposed to the national interest.

In the field of foreign policy, there is an equal curiosity among Labour members as to whether the Government has the means of carrying out its general objectives. Warbey's extremely useful question about the appointment of Sir Alexander Cadogan to UNO left him vulnerable, since he asked why a member of the Labour Party had not been chosen instead. The question was badly framed; but Hector McNeil, who is liked and trusted by everyone in the Party, did not, in his reply, deal with the obvious intention of the question—that the spokesman of the Government at the highest level should share the Government's political outlook. Other questions on our foreign relations referred to the trips by Ministers abroad. Hugh Dalton described these as "Chicken-feed!"

Alas, that is exactly what Sir Ben Smith failed to bring back from America. His announcement of ration-cuts and cuts in feeding-stuffs was heard in dismay by the whole House. PHINEAS MINOR

THE POLICY AND THE INSTRUMENT

A FOREIGN SECRETARY intent on a new policy is immediately faced with a grave difficulty. He has a competent staff of experts in Whitehall and diplomatists abroad, all of whom are trained and conditioned for the policy he has publicly renounced. Both Mr. Attlee and Mr. Bevin have shown themselves aware of this problem. Mr. Bevin outlined at the Labour Party Conference a new foreign policy based largely on economic needs of the common people. No one has better analysed the failure of the League than Mr. Attlee. He clearly understood in the days of Opposition that if the old diplomatic game continued, with each State pursuing its own policy, no international body had the remotest chance of success, and at this session of UNO he has made a solemn pledge that for Britain UNO "must be the overriding factor in foreign policy."

With these pledges in mind, and with a new foreign policy laid down in their election programmes, Labour M.P.s. cannot stomach some of Mr. Bevin's new appointments. Sir Alexander Cadogan has been principal influence of the Foreign Office since the departure of Lord Vansittart in 1938. He is a strict traditionalist who understands the old diplomacy—the balance of power, the meaning of strategic areas and vital interests, to maintain which it has always been important for British diplomatists to be on close terms with the "best people" in every country. That he should be the right instrument for the quite different policy of making UNO the "overriding factor" in British policy seems frankly impossible. His place in the Foreign Office is taken by Sir Orme Sargent, whose views and habits of mind are, if possible, more traditional, more tightly geared to the old ways of diplomacy. Even more perplexing is the appointment of Sir Maurice Peterson to be Ambassador in Moscow. Sir Maurice was the first British Ambassador to Franco Spain. Whatever may be his merits, he stands in the eyes of the world outside Whitehall as one of the men least likely to work well with Soviet Russia. Let us not be misunderstood. We are making no attack on these loyal and efficient public servants. But Mr. Hector McNeil's suggestion in the House of Commons that a Foreign Office official is like a doctor who advises on the basis of a purely expert opinion without party or social prejudice can only be explained by the difficulty that a Minister may have in answering a supplementary question without time for thought. The critics whom Mr. McNeil was answering were not personally attacking these public servants when they urged their unsuitability as the instruments of Labour's foreign policy. Such diplomats, the M.P.s argued, are just not persons who by education, training or social background can possibly carry out the type of policy which Mr. Bevin outlined in his speech at the Labour Party Conference.

Many of the Labour M.P.s who have raised this question are well informed about our foreign representatives, for Whitehall is only one of the difficulties. In almost every capital of Europe, Britain is represented by men who have no contacts with anyone who would understand Mr. Bevin or have any dealings with the class which Mr. Bevin represents. They know nothing of the social forces in the countries where they reside. They know the personalities of the regimes which were discredited during the war. Their retention of these posts seems to the inhabitants of the countries where they live very much as it would seem to the British people if the United States Ambassador habitually spent the week-end with Sir Oswald Mosley. Their influence is very great. In almost every country in Europe they are a living proof of the continuity of British foreign policy. Everywhere you go in Europe, people will tell you that if Mr. Bevin really stood for anything different from Mr. Chamberlain, he could not possibly keep this or that Ambassador in this or that capital. They are commonly known as "Ambassadors for the Opposition." And the Opposition in these countries is not as a rule a "loyal opposition" such as we understand it, but one that intrigues for a civil war of intervention against its country.

Let us take a single example which will serve to illustrate the whole. Probably the most serious menace to peace in Europe to-day is the army of General Anders in Italy. Here we have a highly trained army, well-equipped and financed at great expense by the impoverished British Treasury. Why the Chancellor of the Exchequer should be willing to continue this subsidy has not been explained. This army is excessively unpopular in Italy, and its officers are in the most active contact with Fascist groups in Poland, with Ustashi who fought against the forces of liberation in Yugoslavia and above all, with the Vatican. The centre of this intrigue, which aims at nothing less than gathering a White army of intervention in Eastern Europe, is in Rome. And in all the capitals throughout the countries involved, our Ambassadors have close social contacts with people who favour this line of policy.

It is part of the duty of an Ambassador to provide the Foreign Secretary with reports from the country in which he is stationed. Many of these reports are able and informative. They are also narrowly selective, since those who draft them have few contacts with the new forces that have emerged from below during and since the war. Necessarily they carry great weight with the Foreign Minister, who has not time to amplify and correct them by comparison with other sources of information. He may begin making allowances for the characteristics of his informant; imperceptibly he comes to accept his suggestions. The Minister may have announced, as Mr. Bevin has, a policy that is wider than nationalism and which aims at social well-being, but he is increasingly influenced by men who only understand the surface play of diplomacy and politics.

Mr. Bevin may make two replies to all this. The first is that he cannot change personnel unless he has grounds for doing so; it is only when he has laid down a policy and found that the instruments of the policy will not achieve it, that he has a right to change them. This sounds fair enough, but it is based on an illusion. Our diplomats abroad will never refuse to carry out Mr. Bevin's instructions; we are sure that in many cases they try to do so even where the instructions are distasteful. But to take a single case, it is no use for Mr. Bevin to tell Sir Rex Leeper to follow a democratic policy in Greece, because no one on the Left trusts Sir Rex Leeper any more than Sir Rex Leeper trusts them. This may not be Sir Rex's fault; it may be the fault of Greek politics and an evil inheritance from the period of the civil war in 1944. But it is a fact, and it is one of the reasons why Mr. Bevin's democratic policy in Greece makes little progress. It is to be hoped that when either we or the Labour M.P.s press these points, we shall not be told that we are asking for victimisation on party lines. On the contrary. If desirable, let all these diplomats be made Dukes in reward for past services. All we care for is that they cannot be the instruments for the foreign policy of the Labour Party.

Mr. Bevin has a second possible reply. He may say that the personnel is not available for sweeping changes. It is of course true that to clear out the Foreign Office at a stroke and change all our representatives abroad would be impossible. But Mr. Bevin is in the happy position at the present time of having at his disposal, if he will use them, many men who have obtained an unusual understanding of foreign relations and foreign countries, and who have expert knowledge of the problems involved in the international reconstruction which is the keynote of all Mr. Bevin's speeches. Throughout the war, in British overseas missions, special services and military and civilian Departments, it was their job to understand popular feeling and "appreciate," in the scientific way required for war Intelligence work, the economic, social and political whole. Many such men have slipped back into private occupations since the war ended. But they are still there for Mr. Bevin, capable, trained and sharing the common outlook of the British people of 1946.

SIMPLE ARITHMETIC

Two problems, or rather two facets of a single problem, will confront the Conference of the Executive Committees of all trade unions which the Government proposes to call next month to consider the man-power position. First, there is the immediate question how the Government, in a period of acute over-all labour shortage, is to attract workers into vital but unpopular occupations, such as coal-mining, brick-making and foundries—to say nothing of the undermanned textile industries. The solution is not obvious. Unless the present policy of gradually relaxing the compulsory direction of labour is to be reversed—and this would be strongly resisted by the unions—the only incentive which can be rapidly applied is a large increase in the wages paid by the least attractive industries. But in some cases, unless and until production per man-hour is increased by mechanical re-equipment, the raising of wages would destroy profitability or, alternatively, lead to an increase in selling prices which would be highly undesirable, e.g., in manufacture for export or for house-building.

From this dilemma there is no way of escape until the aggregate labour force available is more nearly commensurate than it is to-day with our needs. At the end of 1945 over one-fourth of the total man-power of this country was still in the Services or Civil Defence, or employed in making munitions for the armed forces. Even though the official returns may exaggerate somewhat the number employed in making munitions, owing to a time-lag in recording the switch-over of workers in factories dealing with a mixture of Service and civil contracts, it is obvious that at present there is such an over-all shortage that workers not subject to direction have a freedom to pick and choose which they never enjoyed

before. The only cure is to procure an increase in the aggregate labour force.

Here we come to the second facet of the problem; and it is here, we hope, that the trade unions will press for a much clearer statement than we have yet been vouchsafed of the Government's long-term intentions. When it is borne in mind that the population of this country is ageing, that the National Insurance Bill is calculated to stimulate retirements, and that it is proposed, within a measurable time, to raise the school-leaving age, probabilities point to our having a total post-war labour force no larger than that which existed before the war. How is it to be distributed? Leaving out of account for the moment the armed forces and the industries catering directly for them, we should "save" something like 500,000, as compared with 1939, out of unemployment; and we may be able to do with fewer people engaged in distribution and domestic and personal service, though some form of direct or indirect regimentation will be required if gains from these sources are to be realised. Say the total credit on this side of the man-power balance-sheet is 750,000. On the other side, we must look for a considerable expansion in the numbers engaged in State service, including health and education; a considerable increment of labour will be required to cope with the building programme and long-deferred arrears of industrial re-equipment; and, taking the most optimistic reasonable view of increased P.M.H., the attainment of a 75 per cent. increase in the volume of our pre-war export trade is bound to make a heavy call on man-power. On the debit side of the ledger there is likely to be a figure of, at least, 1,500,000, leaving a net deficit of 750,000.

This figure would be serious in itself; for, as Sir Stafford Cripps reminded a Birmingham audience last week-end, the entire labour force available before the war for factory production in this country—excluding mining, agriculture, and transport—was only about 5,000,000. But the deficiency which we have estimated makes no allowance for any increase over the pre-war strength of the armed forces and their ancillary supply. In 1939, the strength of the Services was under 500,000, while a somewhat larger figure was engaged in civilian employment catering for their needs. According to the programme so far announced by the Government, the numbers in the Services next June will still be over 1,750,000 above the 1939 figure. This was admittedly a provisional target fixed some time ago: estimates of our requirements six months from now are presumably in process of revision. But how drastically? It is not merely a question of political possibilities in relation to the duration of compulsory service. There the sum in arithmetic is simple enough: if, say, 500,000 can be secured by voluntary enlistment, then we can add 250,000 conscripts for each year's compulsory service enacted. What matters is the total size of the fraction of our available labour force which we can afford to subtract for the Services.

Every man added to the pre-war strength of the Services, with probably one additional worker at home supplying his needs, means an addition of two men to the already serious deficiency of 750,000 in sight. In short, if we endeavour to retain permanently armed forces larger than we had before the war, some objective at home will have to be sacrificed. We shall have to cut down either on services such as health and education, or in capital formation (housing and industrial re-equipment), or in exports, or in our effort to provide a little more liberally for the needs of the patient consumer. None of these objectives can we afford to abandon. The inescapable answer, therefore, is that we must jettison the idea of maintaining greater armed forces than before the war. If our "commitments" stand in the way of demobilisation to the required extent, then our commitments in turn must be lightened. It is a fatal error of statesmanship—as France found to her bitter cost in the inter-war years—to pursue policies for whose execution the resources of power are lacking.

THE ANGLO-RUSSIAN TRADE HOLD-UP

TRADE with Russia is trickling to a stop. The wartime agreements have ended: no new agreement has been made. In the meantime, while we want Russian timber, and the Russians want machinery which we could supply, they are negotiating private contracts in America for the sale of timber and the purchase of machinery, without waiting for the comprehensive U.S. loan or credit of £1,500 million which they have required. If the Americans, either privately or through their Government, make mutually satisfactory trade agreements with the Russians before we do, we may find ourselves in the unhappy position of having to buy Russian timber as a re-export from America (or the equivalent in American timber) and of having to use part of our hard-won and onerous credit, instead of exports from our machine-tool and electrical industries, to pay for it. We have already offered Russia a five-year credit of £30 million at 2½ per cent. The Russians want at least £100 million at a lower rate for a longer period—perhaps 15 years. That is the point of difference, which, added to lesser disagreements concerning the settlement of Russia's wartime debts to Britain, hinders the resumption of trade. The Russians are hard bargainers, and it would be a serious error to imagine that the Board of Trade has been lacking in enthusiasm for an agreement. But the present *impasse* makes it worth considering whether our instruments and technique of trade with Russia are adequate.

The Commissariat for Foreign Trade has always had the closest links both with the State Planning Committee and with the Commissariat for Foreign Affairs. When Russia needed currency to buy heavy machinery in 1928, the export organisations, such as Exportles, the timber exporters, dumped their commodities abroad, irrespective of ordinary commercial considerations. When Molotov made a political treaty with Germany in 1939, it was preceded by a large-scale economic agreement. During the war the Soviet Trade Delegation, a purchasing body, became virtually a commercial embassy with a staff of three hundred and a chairman, M. Borisenko, the Torgpred, who in the Soviet hierarchy is of equivalent status to M. Busev, the Polpred. The Soviet export groups have their own agencies abroad which watch their interests. Faced with this close integration of Soviet commerce and Soviet national policy, the British buyer or seller is at a serious disadvantage. Our commercial representative in Russia is a Commercial Counsellor—no doubt a highly efficient, hard-working diplomat—attached to the British Embassy. It is quite impossible for him to make a complete study of Soviet commercial and industrial conditions, let alone negotiate contracts—a function which the Commercial Counsellor does not normally exercise. Our knowledge of Soviet projects and requirements has always been grossly incomplete. The Russians, on the other hand, have always had a good idea of our industrial needs and capacity through their accredited trade representatives.

Having themselves discovered the advantages of State agencies of buying and selling, with commercial representation abroad, the Russians prefer to negotiate with private firms in Britain than through groups or corporations. They have, under these circumstances, the advantage of their collective negotiating strength, while the private buyer or seller has the short-term illusion of being unfettered in making his bargain. In the 1920s, when Britain was unwilling to give Russia credits, she broke into the British market by offering favourable conditions of repayment to firms like Metro-Vickers. Other firms rapidly followed. To-day Russia's needs are so complementary to the productive power of both British and American machine-tool manufacturers that the private manufacturer, irrespective of Government credit-guarantees, is eager to trade. In America the Russian Purchasing Commission is having no difficulty in placing orders with manufacture who are only too willing to find some use for the surplus wartime productive capacity. In Sa Lake City alone the Russians have asked to bu 50,000 tons of steel slabs on hand at the Genev Plant. Whether they will pay with some of the £50 million annual production of gold or i timber and flax, or whether they are anticipatin a large credit, is not yet clear. But if the cred has political conditions attached to it, the Russian will refuse it. In that case they will try to resum the broken threads of trade with Britain. Th Russians make political conditions when the trade: they don't accept them.

During the war supplies to Russia were centra ised through the Allied Supplies Executive. Mil tary supplies were sent free of charge on lend lease terms, and shipments were made throug the Service Departments. During the first s months of 1945 we sent the Russians £115 millio of such supplies. Civil goods and commoditi were delivered on the basis of 40 per cent. cas and 60 per cent. credit. The Russians boug £100 million of supplies under these terms, which £60 million were made available on credi For these supplies the United Kingdom Comme cial Corporation, now destined to a steady extin tion, was the sole selling agency. Imports fro Russia, made through Government channels onl were considerably smaller than exports; and n all of these contracts were completed. Of th 37,000 standards of timber for which the Ministr of Supply contracted, less than half has been d livered. Our total imports, principally of fl and timber, from the Soviet Union for the fi nine months of 1945, were only worth 3.4 millio pounds. Our exports for the same period totall 12.8 million pounds.

The Board of Trade has now decided tha as far as exports are concerned, we should rever generally speaking, to normal private trade, wi terms of payment a matter for direct discussio and settlement between the Soviet Trade Deleg tion and the supplier. This holds good of i ports, too, except that the Ministry of Supply hoping to make contracts for timber, potash a flax, while the Ministry of Food is enquiring f canned fish. Reversion to private trade, ma necessary by the lack of a trade agreement, has st further weakened our already weak position relation to the Russians. They are not eager sell of the timber which we require, since they, t need it for reconstruction; we have lost most our former alternative sources, since Finnish ti ber and plywood are now being sent to Russia reparations, and the timber of the Baltic countri is Russian. A Trade Mission to Russia at t present time, either as buyers or sellers, wou be worse than useless. It would become an u dignified spectacle in the Hotel Metropole Moscow while the basic credit agreement is st under discussion.

When nations are economically involved in ea other's prosperity, good-will inevitably follow Our recent loan to the Greeks of £10 million a contribution to Greek recovery and mutu sympathy. It would seem, therefore, that pr portionately to her size and needs, a credit of £1 million to Russia would not be excessive amount, though we might require the term to shorter than 15 years. Can we afford it? Briti machine-tool and electrical equipment industri which would prosper from the arrangements, well as the builders who need Russian timber f houses, would say "Yes."

If the President of the Board of Trade do give this credit, he would do well to reconsid his decision to abandon group-buying and selli in favour of private trade. A permanent Tra Mission in Russia, representing the principal i porting industries, and empowered to make co tracts for signature by the appropriate Minist in London, would immeasurably strengthen o buying position: the commodities could then distributed through the normal trade agencies Britain. The consequence of such a procedu would be a stable home market, without the u certainties which have existed in the past wh

importers have outbid each other in order to secure a share of the Russian trade. As for exports to Russia, a more widely based corporation than the U.K.C.C. is needed to protect the interests of the exporting industries.

And time is short. By the end of March the port of Leningrad will be open. In April we could have shipments of timber for our summer building programme. Let us hope that it will be British and not American vessels which will call for the timber. There is no better investment that the Russians and ourselves can make for the security and prosperity of our two countries than to conclude, without delay, a large-scale Trade Agreement.

MAURICE EDELMAN

WHEN THAT APRILIS

More visitors than ever are expected at Stratford this year, but the chief local hotels are still requisitioned.—News item.

When that Aprilis bursteth buddës small
And Shakespeare mummers maken festivall,
Then comen pilgrims from the worldës end
To Stratford-attë-Avon for to wend,
Old clerkës, damosels and textuel scholers
Full well y-plenished with a pouch of dollars,
And we of such should purchase the goodwill,
Sith alle is grist that cometh to the mill.
So Whitehall Ministries, ere spring begin
Should void and trim the requisitioned inn,
Ne seek to hinder, if they doe not aid
The blissful hope of pious pilgrims' trade,
That none need knock and find ne board ne beddë
At the Whyte Swannë ne the Shakespeare Heddë.
There must be chambers swoot and serviceable
And varlets for to waiten at the table,
And floors y-swept and allë dysshes clene
And plenteous fare, albeit plain and mean.
We may not serve, though on their knees they beggë,
Ne spamme, the cookë's stand-by, ne dried eggë,
Ne roast beef of olde England when they dine,
For want of shippen from the Argentine,
Yet beans y-baked, God wot, they need not lack,
Ne moisty ale in lieu of Scotch or sack,
Ne platters heaped with fysshë and eke chyppës,
Jam without plums, yet not withouten pyppës,
And welcome warm withal for all who come;
Ne should these pilgrims queue for every crumb,
Ne find a shrewish wife nor caitiff hostë
To their complaining deaf as any postë,
Ne make their owen bedde, ne get a scowel
If they do asken but for soape and towel,
But we should greet the pilgrim paying guest
And well he should be eased with the best.
'Tis said the Government of Engleland
Wide export of our culture hath y-planned—
It were more profit and less deare expense
To nurse it here and not to ship it hence.
In sooth, the shrine of Avon's swannë bard,
Did they but weetë, is a trumpë card,
But if the pilgrims find, who wenden here,
No inn at alle, or inns withouten cheer,
If for mere hardship they the sea have crossed,
Right soon they will complain "Love's labour's lost."

SAGITTARIUS

THIS ENGLAND

A 5/- prize for the first entry in this column goes to Lt. (E.) R. D. N. Hegarty.

Paste entries on postcard or slip of paper and give details of origin. Address to THIS ENGLAND, 10 Great Turnstile, W.C.1.

The Duke of Devonshire was elected president of the Society of Yorkshiremen in London yesterday, in succession to the Duke of Norfolk.—*Newcastle Journal & North Mail.*

Everybody will remember that encouraging moment on page 108 of *Finnegans Wake*.—Henry Reed in *New Statesman and Nation.*

Guns.—Will anyone sell good pair or single reasonably to young officer, ex-P.o.W., wishing to buy himself demobilisation present with his gratuity. —Advt. in *Sunday Times.*

I have proved for myself that the spirit of liberty is practically dead in England, probably because two generations have been fed on murdered food from chemically poisoned soil.—Letter in *The Individualist.*

I would like to convey my appreciation of your remarks in connection with Ald. Langdon's views on housing . . .

I wrote to him a few weeks ago, informing him that the houses, in one of which I live, had been very suitable in their time, but with the overflowing of working-class people into them, the neighbourhood was now not fit for me, and that I had a right to a nice house in a pleasant road. He made no rep'y.—Letter in *Torquay Times.*

WASHINGTON DIARY

THE spiral of history has brought the United States perilously near to the position of Britain after the last war. She is the victor who shies from the responsibilities of victory; the island which knows that insularity is no longer possible and yet has nothing to substitute for it but a macabre mixture of idealism and very crude business deals. She is strong enough to prevent other nations, more disillusioned than she, from carrying out second-best policies; and she is spiritually so confused that her own policy degenerates into something a good deal worse than a second-best. In Washington one is constantly reminded of Harold Nicolson's description of that catastrophic sag in British statesmanship and morale which followed the Armistice in 1918. Once again there is the hectic determination to get out of uniform and have a good time which then disintegrated our armies; the hatred of wartime restrictions which swept away every control and led us through a series of industrial convulsions to the General Strike. The hectic desire to put the clock back pervades Washington to-day. But as always in America, the mood is still more violent; and for that reason the consequences are likely to be even more disastrous. It is easy to blame the Administration. But the truth is that no Administration could have maintained the tension of wartime unity or prevented this sudden slump in public spirit. America—to be America—had to live through this hysteria of normalcy.

* * *

One day in Washington gives the lie to that mean proverb, "Enough is as good as a feast." A feast means the possibility of eating too much. Of course, five days on the *Queen Mary* broke us in to the miraculous American diet. Each morning brought the exquisite sensation of naughtiness as we ordered for breakfast fruit, fish, and two eggs and bacon, and took pat after pat of butter with the freshly baked scones. On the second day out we were told that there was a shop on board. I went down with a distinguished Civil Servant to have a look. There on the shelves were stacked great 2 lb. boxes of milk chocolate bars. We each bought a box and went back to our cabins. That afternoon the thought struck me that I might go down on the off-chance that there was a box still left. I arrived at the shop precisely on opening time to find that my Civil Servant friend was there already. Guiltily we looked at each other and then went in. "Can I have two more boxes?" We winced when the storekeeper positively shouted, "You can have 20 if you like."

* * *

Shops which stay open and yet have their shelves full of goods, shops where one can buy far more than one needs—in Washington one realises that rationing has become part of our national make-up, and has given us a sense of guilt when faced with abundance. The rationed man is abashed by plenty. He catches himself out purloining the cake of soap from the Waldorf-Astoria and eyeing the capacious bath-towel to see if it would fit into his suit-case. In the drug store, in a sudden fit of madness he purchases four hot-water bottles and a double chocolate sundae. In the street he gazes with pleasure, strangely unmixed with envy, at the hair-styles, face-styles, body-styles and leg-styles which make the women look like gorgeous dummies on which American goods are displayed.

"But life at the Waldorf-Astoria is not America," says the voice of the social conscience. "Plunge into the Bronx and beard reality." And yet for the American this synthetic luxury is precisely the normalcy which is the final end of national endeavour. It is the Platonic idea of America. If Americans have not the dollars to buy it, they enjoy it second-hand in the cinema or on the radio. Expensive, hygienic good-living is what distinguishes America in 1946 from every other country in the world; the absence of it awoke in every G.I. abroad that acute nostalgia which has caused the disintegration of the armies of occupation. When the war stopped suddenly last August, every American soldier felt the urge to get home and to enjoy the American way of life. It was a fantasy, of course, except for the few. But whereas we, in Europe, enjoy the fantasy as an escape from reality, for Americans reality is unbearable without it.

* * *

We had better face the fact that Anglo-American relations are going through one of their worst crises—and this despite the fact that more Americans to-day have got to know and to like the English people than ever before. The crisis is accentuated by the almost complete absence of news about this country in the American press. Indonesia? Yes. India? Yes. Greece? Yes. The failures of British Imperialism make good headlines. But the unspectacular efforts of a tired people to reconstruct their life under a Labour Government don't make news. For the average American—and even for the well-informed *New Yorker*—British Labour means Harold Laski and nothing else. His most insignificant address to a local Labour Party makes the front page. No one fails to ask you about him, and what you reply is completely unimportant. America has made up its mind that Laski is the Lenin of the British Reds. Herbert Morrison did his best—and a very good best—to explain the facts, but without avail. His nation-wide broadcast—too late on a Saturday night to catch an audience in the East—was not thought worth an inch in any of the colossal Sunday papers. His press conference was brilliant, but touched only a few experts.

No one should underrate the effect of this wave of *Laski-itis*, following on the equally untempered cult of Mr. Churchill. America cannot fail to regard world history in 1946 as a matter of two Great Powers. Even our friends regard us with patronising sympathy for our misfortunes rather than respect for our importance. And now to this underestimate of our strength is added the myth that the British people voted Churchill out and Laski in, and then snubbed a kindly America when she cancelled Lend-Lease and offered a Loan. Faced by what seems to be an incredible British lapse, America is inclined to shrug us off as not only insolvent but slightly insane. We shall hear plenty of this when Congress discusses the Loan. The Administration is now really anxious, and experts rate the chances of approval as only 50/50. Friendly observers express their astonishment that the British delegation contained no Cabinet Minister, and that the Commons debate took place before Lord Keynes had been able to put the issue in its true perspective.

* * *

If the average American is indifferent to Britain, most Liberals are bitterly hostile. Their conversation usually starts with the assertion that the Labour Government has sold out already. Their eye is fixed not on 45 million Britons on a small island, but on British Imperialism with a very big I. With a self-righteousness which only complete impotence can engender, they

demand of Mr. Bevin "a Socialist foreign policy." When asked to define this, an intelligent Liberal said that Mr. Bevin should make friends with Russia and clear out of India, Indonesia and the Middle East at once. When I suggested that British Socialism has something to do with Socialism in Britain, the Liberal nodded impatiently and turned the conversation to Spain. Indeed, the only appreciative comment on the Labour Government which I heard was made by my hostess at a dinner party in an ultra-Conservative house. She was complaining of the taxi strike which had delayed some of her guests, and I remarked that we had fewer strikes in Britain. "Ah," she said, "it must be so restful to live under a Socialist planned economy." No American Liberal said anything so kind.

* * *

I must admit that I agree with her. Normalcy is a very smart but very shallow façade. Behind it, the structure of American society is rocked by seismic pressures. Only in the marble passages of the Supreme Court does one feel a sense of complete solidity. The nine old men are the one pillar of the Constitution which is completely sound. But outside *πάντα ῥει*. Wholesale reconversion has broken the last restraint on regional and class conflicts. Indiscriminate demobilisation pledges, which finally cannot be honoured, have disintegrated the American army. Each pressure group jockeys for position in the free-for-all which is the result of the removal of controls. Labour, dubious whether the President will maintain the New Deal, makes a desperate bid by strike action to hang on to wartime earnings. Big Business, smarting under the New Deal, sees an opportunity to smash Labour and to put a stop once and for all to Government interference in industrial disputes. The Administration, too weak and well-intentioned to stand aside, attempts conciliation, is rebuffed by the employers, and finds itself impotent to enforce its will. Amid this industrial turmoil America spends her savings in a nostalgic effort to realise the American way of life by having a good time.

The present strike wave is not the climax of the struggle. There is a boom just round the corner in which capital and labour can both share. This is one reason why some compromise will probably be reached. Another reason is the lack of unity on both sides. General Motors wants to force the issue now, and so does United Steel. But in the Far West, Kaiser has seized the opportunity, done a deal with his workers, and is producing new cars. The Californian steel plants—largely a creation of the war—exploit the labour troubles of Pennsylvania. On the union side, too, there is a good deal of in-fighting. Reuther, for instance, who leads the General Motors strike, is up against his chairman, who would not mind seeing him go down. John L. Lewis is leading his miners back into the A.F. of L. to do battle with the C.I.O. The situation is too fluid for the pitched battle between Capital and Labour. But few serious observers doubt that it will come when the boom begins to sag. And in an American General Strike, the strikers will not play football against the police.

* * *

It was good to get back, even though the train from Southampton to London was unheated and an hour late. Rationed England feels as unsinkable as the *Queen Elizabeth*. We know where we are going, a long dull voyage but the course is set. Despite Party differences, we are united as a people in a way which must seem incredible to an American. Will America survive the convulsions which lie ahead and somehow transform the unpolitical niceness and simplicity, drive and ambition, which make Americans the best friends in the world, into political qualities able to shape and control the destinies of the nation? At present she has not done so, and, until or unless she does, she will remain an incalculable element in world-politics.

R. H. S. CROSSMAN

UNRRA AND INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS

UNRRA has already entered on the last phase of the specific short-term job with which it was entrusted two years ago at Atlantic City. Under its present terms of reference, it must wind up after this year's harvest. We do not yet know how its work will be continued, or by what form of organisation. The most logical development would be for it to become a part of UNO. If this does happen, it will focus attention on questions which have so far been played down in most of the publicity it has received in this country. How does the work of UNRRA fit in with the foreign policies of the Great Powers? How far are the aims and methods it pursues in line with the aims and methods of the governments of its most important member nations? For how long is the Atlantic City conception of international economic collaboration on a single objective—the relief and rehabilitation of devastated countries—compatible with, say, the very different conception which underlies the Washington Agreements?

The supplying nations have twice voted the substantial sum of one per cent. of their national incomes to UNRRA. To justify this expenditure, humanitarian principles and moral obligations have been invoked more often than arguments of political and economic necessity. Partly, no doubt, this is due to a genuine and unhappy feeling of war guilt, which is not far below the surface even in the victorious nations. But one cannot help suspecting that it springs partly from a half-conscious reluctance to underline the relationship between UNRRA's work and the general economic and political context in which it takes place. Two years ago the major factor determining that context in Europe was the behaviour of the German armies, for which none of the United Nations needed to feel any responsibility. But, with every month that passes, that factor becomes less and less important. The legacy of German destruction remains; but the Germans are no longer agents of change. Yet change continues. The mess of 1946 is not the same as the mess of 1943. It cannot be correctly symbolised by something inhuman and static, like a heap of rubble, but only by something human and changing, like a man's health. Since the defeat of Germany, every action both of the governments of shattered countries and of the Great Powers in relation to those governments has either advanced or held back the economic recovery of those countries. UNRRA's business has been to help in creating conditions which will make economic recovery possible; all its expenditure has been directed to that end, and it has had no conflicting responsibilities. But the foreign policies of the Great Powers have inevitably been influenced by many other aims and many other responsibilities—in particular by the problems of their relations with each other. So it has been at least theoretically possible for them to take away with one hand what they give, in relief, with the other.

UNRRA itself has no authority either to criticise or to advise on foreign policy. In all the countries in which it operates, it has to adapt its policy to cope with the situation as it finds it. Therefore, its efforts cannot be evaluated by comparing the present economic conditions of the receiving countries with the state they were in at the time when it began to operate in them. Influences outside its own control may have made it impossible for much general improvement to be felt. But where this has happened, as it has in Greece, it means, to put it crudely, that we are in danger of not getting our money's worth for our money. Now, if UNRRA is basically a humanitarian institution, a world supercharity designed to soothe uneasy consciences, it is not very important whether we get our money's worth or not. Conversely, once we seriously concern ourselves about returns, it becomes necessary to take all possible steps to avoid wasted effort on UNRRA's part. That means subordinating other considerations, in foreign policy, to the promotion of economic recovery and stability in the receiving countries; or else dropping the Atlantic City idea altogether.

Does this imply, then, that the Great Powers should base their foreign policies on fostering the success of UNRRA? That is obviously absurd. But it does mean that to study its work in the light of foreign policy is to spotlight contradictions which are obscured, and therefore more likely to be perpetuated, if relief is regarded from a merely humanitarian point of view. If the ends for which UNRRA was set up are seen to be essential for the preservation of peace and for the material prosperity of the supplying countries as well as the receiving countries, then policies which conflict with those ends will be shown up as militating against general peace and prosperity.

This link-up between relief and foreign policy is becoming sharper as UNRRA's own work becomes more concerned with rehabilitation and less with relief. The dividing line between the two is in any case not as between two principles, but merely as between two stages of a single process. The objective, as defined at Atlantic City, is to make it possible for shattered countries to reconstruct their own economy by providing the material means for setting the economic machine in motion again. A start had to be made with elementary forms of relief—food, clothing, footwear and medical supplies. Until millions of starving, half-naked workers had been partially restored to health, and released from the threat of typhus, malaria and tuberculosis, industry could not be restarted for lack of man-power. Next, the populations had to be rehoused. The success of even this fundamental type of relief was dependent on transport, nearly all of which had to be provided from abroad.

But, in proportion as these things were done successfully, so did the first phase of the task give place to the second. The purpose of the relief had been to put the recipients into a condition in which they could begin to work again. The next phase was the provision of tools and materials for them to work on, the category of aid classed as rehabilitation. The broad change is shown by UNRRA's expenditure of roughly 65 per cent. on relief and 35 per cent. on rehabilitation in 1945, against its plan almost to reverse these figures in 1946.

But these are over-all figures. If they are broken down according to countries, the speed of recovery is seen to have varied according to political conditions in the countries concerned. In Greece, for example, the prolonged and still deepening economic crisis has kept the standard of living so low that the need for elementary relief still continues.

This is not UNRRA's fault. It has operated with disinterestedness and efficiency. The truth is that Greece has had a series of weak governments, dependent for their existence on the presence of foreign troops, and commanding very little operative power. Her man-power resources, instead of being replenished by workers whom relief had set on the way to health, have been weakened first by a civil war and then by the incarceration of thousands of able-bodied men for political reasons. Worse still, the vicious circle of inflation, strikes and further inflation, which are the direct results of popular lack of confidence in the Government, has almost outweighed such small progress towards industrial recovery as has here and there been made.

All this has imposed on UNRRA the task of Sisyphus. The major part of relief supplies to Greece is still made up of foodstuffs. But the more the general economic situation deteriorates, and the worse the inflation becomes, the lower does the dietary standard of the population fall. Discontent grows, and essential services are disrupted by a series of strikes, which, in turn, weaken the Government still further, and make it less capable than ever of stopping the process. Rehabilitation can scarcely begin.

Against this background, UNRRA has to partition its limited resources and allot so much to industrial and agricultural rehabilitation, so much to direct relief. The dilemma is this: either you cut down on food and substitute raw materials, plant, seeds, agricultural implements, and so on, in which case some people will die of starvation and the bread riots will probably start; or you go on pumping food into the country at the price of cutting down on these other commodities, in which case you postpone healthy recovery still longer, and perpetuate the series of experiments with weak "moderate" or Right-wing governments by injecting just enough palliatives to keep the present system from final collapse into chaos.

It is long odds against UNRRA's braving the first choice. It would have to withstand the most violent criticism on humanitarian grounds. By spotlighting the problem, it would incur the odium of having caused it. Pressure groups, such as the powerful Greek minority in America, would join in the outcry. Vested interests, such as the Royalists and the Right-wing Republicans, supported by the still unbroken rings of big-scale hoarders and black marketeers, and the Greek business community in Egypt, would bring all their forces to the attack. For their last chance of survival lies in the continued determination of the British to keep them in and the Left out. If UNRRA were to insist that the only way out of the deadlock was to push ahead with rehabilitation, even at the cost of some starvation, it could only do so on condition that the Foreign Office put in a Government that could break the hoarders, command the support of the workers and purge the Army and the gendarmerie so that it could rely on its orders being carried out. Thus, were UNRRA to adopt the drastic solution, it would involve a reversal of British policy for this to become effective. Yet, if it does not, it helps to perpetuate a state of affairs by which its own work is frustrated. In short, success in the second stage of rehabilitation can only be attained if the receiving country has a Government with real executive power, capable of mobilising domestic resources.

A parallel dilemma is threatening in Poland. A recent article in *The Times* described the wreckage of the country's economy by the war and praised the progress which the Government had already made towards recovery. Official UNRRA reports confirm *The Times*' verdict: "Despite extremely worn equipment, coal-mine production was up to 50 per cent. . . . textile mills, which at the time of the survey (before September, 1945) were engaged in washing the first wool received from UNRRA, were up to 40 per cent. production." Without considerable foreign help now, Poland cannot recover; with it, she can, for her Government is carrying out a Socialist policy which makes it effective. Her recovery depends largely on the revival of her export trade (roughly four-fifths of the value of her imports in 1938), and this, in turn, depends on how quickly she can reconstruct her agriculture and her industries and produce a surplus. No amount of UNRRA aid can suffice for this; Poland must have foreign credits. Yet the American Ambassador in Warsaw has warned the Polish Government that, unless they reverse the policy of nationalising their key industries, they will get no loans from the U.S.A. If this policy is carried out, it turns Poland into a permanent site for "relief" soup-kitchens. It is characteristic of the situation that the Polish irreconcilables abroad and underground in Poland have lately been conducting a campaign of violent abuse against UNRRA.

A qualitative change has taken place since UNRRA was formed. The countries have regained their independence, and the Great Powers have taken up attitudes towards them. Those attitudes are often incompatible with even the short-term international co-operation of which UNRRA is the instrument. Policies which started on two different levels, one on the humanitarian plane, the rest on that of power-politics and economic imperialism, have already come into conflict. The question arises whether UNRRA, or whatever succeeds it, can continue to have no voice in the relations between its receiving countries and the Great Powers. To regard it as a humanitarian institution, "outside politics," is to refuse to face realities. It is inevitably very much inside politics.

KENNETH SYERS

THE MATRIMONIAL MUDDLE CONTINUES

THE Cause List for Birmingham Autumn Assizes contained 517 undefended and 166 defended petitions for divorce. In other areas the numbers are even greater. In London about 3,400 divorce cases are in the list for hearing during Hilary term. This great increase in the number of petitions for divorce has been brought about not by any increase in sexual immorality or lessening of belief in the sanctity of marriage, but mainly because divorce is now within the reach of people of small means. Wages have gone up and the cost of divorce has gone down. Until lately, the minimum cost of an undefended divorce was £60 to £70. Now, owing to its being possible to conduct the preliminary proceedings in District Registries instead of in London, it can be done for about £40 to £45. The effect of the rise in wages is greater than would at first sight appear. The means of both husband and wife must be considered, for most undefended divorce is collusive, though not always technically so. The increase in divorce has not come about through its cheapness putting temptation in the way of the virtuous lower middle class, as Mr. Justice Charles would have people believe. His Lordship is reported in the *Sunday Express* of November 12th, 1944, as having said at Durham Assizes :—

> Divorce is made so amazingly easy and cheap now that when people enter into the bonds of what is called holy matrimony, I do not think they consider in the least what they are doing. It is a great misfortune for the country. In one case, only three months after the marriage, the woman says, "I don't like you, I am going away and I shall stop away till you divorce me"!

It is difficult to see why Mr. Justice Charles considered the case he mentioned so terrible, for it would not be until after the expiration of three years' desertion that divorce proceedings could be begun, and it would not be until from nine months to two or three years later that the decree absolute would be pronounced. It is on consideration difficult to see what, if anything, his Lordship did mean. And why should Judges freely criticise the legislature when the legislature is not allowed equal freedom to criticise the Judges?

Rightly or wrongly, there is an impression among lawyers that the Judges are tightening up divorce, with the intention of making it more difficult. A short time ago a Divorce Court Judge at Assizes put back a case for further consideration because he was not satisfied that the respondent, who had at one time undergone treatment in a mental hospital, really intended to be cruel. There was not the slightest suggestion that the respondent was insane at the time of the acts of cruelty, and the point was considered by the Court in 1939 in the case of Kellock *v.* Kellock. On the adjourned hearing the decree was granted without further evidence, but I mention the case to illustrate the reluctance of Judges to grant decrees. It is certain that magistrates in many districts take the view that they ought whenever possible to refuse to make Separation Orders. The other day a magistrate with whom I had left a matrimonial court said to me that if there continued to be so many applications they would have to refuse to make Orders!

I am informed that in some London areas it has been unofficially decided by the magistrates that they will not grant Separation Orders on the ground of cruelty unless at least three separate acts of cruelty within the six months previous to the summons are proved. This is in flat defiance of the law and only a few months ago the President of the Divorce Division referred to magisterial mistakes on this point. I can speak from personal knowledge of the widely different practice in various courts, and even between benches sitting on different days in the same court, with regard to cruelty. Some magistrates grant Orders on the slightest evidence, others regard black eyes and broken teeth as normal incidents of matrimonial life. A good example of the way in which the law operates harshly towards working-class women is that divorce can be obtained on the ground of cruelty, but for a Separation Order by the magistrates evidence of "persistent cruelty" is necessary. Persistent cruelty has been held to mean more than such cruelty as would be sufficient for the Divorce Court.

It is often said that divorce and separation lead to juvenile delinquency. This is not true. Unhappy homes do so, and separation often remedies this. To quote from a report for the year 1944 on the work of probation officers in Swansea :—

> It is a difficult issue where the welfare of children is concerned, but it is considered better for children to be brought up by one of the parents than to live in an atmosphere of continuous discontent and possibly constant brawling and quarrelling.

From the decisions of the magistrates appeals can be made to the Divorce Division, but the remedy is practically useless. With few exceptions it is the working-class who appear before the magistrates and for them the cost of an appeal is prohibitive. About £25 to £30 for each party is about the average, and the husband has to pay the wife's costs even when he is the successful appellant. Appeals are decided upon the Magistrates' Clerk's notes, which obviously are not likely to favour the appellant. Further evidence is very rarely admitted. The High Court discourages appeals by supporting magisterial decisions when there is any evidence upon which they can do so, on the ground that the justices have seen the parties before them. It is easy for the justices to prevent an appeal by giving as the reason for their decision that they believed, or disbelieved, one or other of the parties.

Notwithstanding the increase in wages and the cost of living the maximum allowance on a Separation Order is £2 for a wife and 10s. for a child. Over 20 years ago the amount payable for an illegitimate child was raised from 10s. to £1. Probably the fact that the father's pocket would be punished reconciled the moralists to the benefit received by the illegitimate child, but I fear that the desire to discourage Separation Orders has prevented the amount payable to a married mother being increased.

Owing to the semi-secrecy in which matrimonial cases are heard, perjury is very prevalent. The risks are infinitesimal even when hearing is in public. Over a million cases of all kinds are heard by the magistrates in public every year, without counting all the other courts. Yet the average number of convictions for perjury each year is little over 50. Lay magistrates are usually worse judges of evidence than a jury, being on the average older, more infirm and more prejudiced. They are peculiarly unfitted to deal with matrimonial cases. The number of applications for Separation and Maintenance Orders is likely to increase, partly owing to the return of men from the Forces and partly because many women have not hitherto applied for Orders because they have been able to leave their husbands and keep themselves. Such employment is already diminishing.

The remedy, so far as the court hearing is concerned, is to transfer the matrimonial jurisdiction of the justices to the County Courts. A few additional judges might be needed, but an extension of the jurisdiction of the Registrars would, in most courts, give the judges sufficient time for matrimonial cases. The County Courts might also be given Divorce jurisdiction, especially as their work in Workmen's Compensation cases will come to an end before long.

Divorce Law Reform seems to be past praying for. Less than half a loaf was accepted in 1937, and that seems to be the end of it.

SOLICITOR

HEAVENLY HOP-SCOTCH

In the old days, when a nation wanted to stake a claim it sent out a Bible missionary into Darkest Africa or harnessed a dog-team and sent hardy heroes racing across Antarctic wastes to plant the Flag. Nowadays, when national prestige is reaching out into space with designs on the stars and the planets, it is done more genteely: you send out a radar-pulse, catch the echo and say, "We've reached the moon." Or you tune in a wireless set, pick up the radio emissions from the sunspots and say, "We're the first to contact the sun." It is a game of celestial "tag," or heavenly hop-scotch, and, in some ways, just as childish as the playground variations. It would be amusing if it did not ruffle national dignity and introduce a kind of "Yah! Boo!" into serious science.

Take the radar expedition to the moon, carried out by the U.S. Army Signal Corps. On January 2nd, in London, Sir Edward Appleton, Secretary of the Department of Scientific and Industrial Research, talking about the scientific uses to which radar might be put, repeated a suggestion he had made a year ago (when it did not hit the headlines) that radar might be used to explore the moon. Quite an innocent suggestion, applying the principles of blind-bombing to our planetary neighbours. Just as our aircraft sent down a radar-pulse, and caught the echoes on a radar-screen as a quite clear pattern of buildings and streets, or the contours of the country below, so radar could make an Ordnance survey of the mountains and valleys of the moon.

Eight days later the U.S. Army hit the moon and caught the echo. And the War Department made a great "haroosh" of this American achievement. The United States had "reached for the moon." Four hours after the War Department press release, an Australian claimed that research workers of the University of Sydney had forestalled the Signal Corps by four years. Next day Sir Edward Appleton congratulated the Americans on their fine technical achievement, but pointed out that British scientists were concentrating on establishing radio contact with the sun in order to study the wireless phenomena of the sunspots. Thereupon an unnamed Australian source in America promptly said that the Australians had sent out a radar signal and got an echo from the sun a year ago.

This was rather mystifying, because, while the moon is a mere 239,000 miles away, the sun is 92,900,000 miles away, quite beyond the range of existing radar-echo devices. And what Appleton was talking about was something quite different, as he proceeded to demonstrate. On Friday of last week a press communique was issued stating that an outburst of sunspot activity had confirmed the discovery of British scientists that the radio hissing on short-wave sets was due to the emissions of 10-metre radio-waves from the sun. What it all meant was that when these solar cyclones, the sunspots, became active, as they have done in the past few days—the most intensive since 1926—they produce "broadcasts" with an energy which jams the short-wave transmissions on the earth. But it is the sun which is contacting us, not we the sun. And we have not got the energy to do it.

Then Mars. U.S. Army experts said they were going to radar Mars and get a signal back in 6¾ minutes. This is "advance-booking" with a vengeance. For the next date on which they could do it in that time would be August, 1955. And by then they *might* have transmitters capable of "round-trip" signals of 70,000,000 miles!

But what we are waiting for now is an announcement from some capital or other that the national scientists have "done a Patton," bypassed the sun and staked a claim to Sirius.

Stop Press. Moscow announces that Soviet scientist, N. D. Paplesci, "made theoretical calculations by which radio-communication could be made with celestial worlds several years ago." Patent applied for?

RITCHIE CALDER

POSTAGE on this issue: Inland, 1½d.; Foreign, 1d.; Canada, 1d.

ENGLISH PAINTING

The other day I was talking about the English genius for refusing to take ideas seriously: the lazy cynicism with which the vast majority of our ancestors accepted the changes in their religion imposed successively by Henry VIII and his three children; the mildness, surely unparalleled in the history of civil wars, with which the Cavaliers and Roundheads conducted their struggle for power; the almost bloodless revolutions of 1660 and 1688. "Yes," my friend answered, "but they did succeed in destroying a tremendous lot of art." Can it be that we take art (unlike ideas) seriously, at least to the extent that it can excite our profound and spontaneous hatred? I do not know, but I shall be surprised if the Victoria and Albert Museum attracts with its Constable Exhibition a quarter of the visitors it obtained for the Matisses and Picassos. Will people queue to see pictures unless they can confidently expect to dislike them?

The finest of the Constable sketches, bequeathed by the painter's daughter, seem to me to possess an intensity beyond anything else in English painting. I do not mean that they are "better" than his finished pictures; they are different, and whether one prefers them depends on personal taste. Sir Kenneth Clark made recently an illuminating comparison between Constable and Wordsworth (also between Turner and Shelley); and these sketches, like Wordsworth's lyrics, discover poetry in the daily scene, instead of adding poetry to it, like Turner, or travelling to find it, like Delacroix. A lane in Hampstead or a sky with no landscape suffices as subject for a masterpiece of imaginative vision. The best period for these sketches was between 1820 and 1830, but much earlier than that Constable was already anticipating Corot. The Exhibition includes some finished paintings and some important loans. The V. and A. sketches have been excellently remounted and reframed (which goodness knows they needed!); and they will offer to those with eyes hour upon hour of discovery and delight. Never has the animation of landscape by light and air been more nicely observed, more profoundly felt and more movingly expressed.

The 73rd Exhibition at Agnew's of watercolours and drawings offers all the delights that we have come to expect—Gainsborough, Rowlandson, Constable, Turner, Cotman, Girton, Peter de Wint and Prout. What most fascinated me was an uncommonly free watercolour by David Cox called *Near Hastings*. Delightful, also, the little drawings made in China by Chinnery. Altogether an exhibition in which it is a pleasure to linger. Comic relief is afforded by two touchingly naïve contraptions by dear old Fred Walker. One of these—and it is not large—is priced at £1,200. The world is so full of wonderful things I am sure we should all be as happy as kings.

ROGER MARVELL

THE MOVIES

"Brief Encounter," General Release
"Two Years Before the Mast," at the Carlton
"Madame Pimpernel," at the London Pavilion

For want of a considerable new film, I have enjoyed outings to *The Last Chance*, reviewed here already by Mr. Mortimer, and *Brief Encounter*, awaiting general release. Without such refreshment, the film critic is apt to become a connoisseur of fakes. The refugee story, for example, how many times that has been faked in the last three or four years; there's Miss Gracie Fields at the London Pavilion, to do battle again with accents and the Gestapo. It won't wash, Madame Pimpernel! Thank goodness for *The Last Chance*, which establishes genuine feeling and does it nobly.

Thank goodness, too, for Mr. Coward. The cinema-goer, lapped round week after week with love, as with camel-hair, will find here, unexpectedly, a love story for adults. How will he (or she) take it? Alertly, to judge from the audience at the Dominion, where I dropped in the other night to renew acquaintance with *Brief Encounter*. My experience, indeed, has been that, within limits, audiences rise or sink to the films offered them. With a little encouragement, they can rise higher than the producer usually gives them credit for. The reading tastes of the average cinema-goer, for example, are probably far below the level at which he can be touched or enlightened by films; he watches and listens, that's to say, better than he reads. A novel with the qualities of *Brief Encounter* would be read by a few thousands at most.

And yet it is a film that not many years ago would have seemed very "literary" in character. The spoken narrative, the intimacy evoked sentence by sentence and not scene by scene, the music of a Rachmaninoff concerto weaving in and out, the conflict in the mind of the central character: these appear, until one comes to analyse them, as the devices of a model film craftsmanship. So they are, but a craftsmanship heavily influenced by literature. (All these ingredients, for example, will be found in Tolstoy's *The Kreutzer Sonata*.) I am not impugning either the originality or the effectiveness of Mr. Coward's film, which I enjoyed, if anything, more at a second viewing; but the success of *Brief Encounter* does suggest two conclusions. One is that the talkies have brought an enrichment of ideas, of subtlety, of "literature," which now we take for granted; the other is that there has been no corresponding development of the sound-track as such. After sixteen years, Clair's *Sous les toits de Paris* remains the most imaginative use of sound we have had. Now it's quite true, I believe, that moving images are the essence of films, but hasn't there been since the talkies, a falling-off of imagination there also? What is wrong then, with *Brief Encounter*—if anything can be said to be wrong with it—is this lack of imaginative fusion and delicacy, endemic in the talkies. Its photography takes one back to Chaplin's *A Woman of Paris* (a self-consciously fine contribution), its narrative to the pages of novelists. Good enough to be going on with—heavens, yes!—but with the war over, we shall look to Mr. Coward and others for important gains in method and style.

Two Years Before the Mast takes us round Cape Horn in the days of the three-masters. Nearly all Hollywood's tough guys are shangaied on board, and once there they enjoy incomparable floggings, high seas, scurvy and mutiny. A fine performance by Mr. Howard de Silva as the calm and terrible sea captain makes this film twice as exciting as it would otherwise have been. Under his eye, Mr. Alan Ladd only manages to get in half an affair with a grandee's daughter, incongruously introduced on board.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

MESSIÆN

The name of Olivier Messiæn has been known to musicians for some time, and, since the war, one has heard reports from Paris of an enthusiastic band of pupils and disciples who regard him as a master. It was interesting therefore to hear some of his piano music which was played, but not in public, in London during his recent visit. Two movements from "*Les vingt regards sur l'enfant Jésus*"—an enormous work in twenty movements, which is his most recent composition—and a suite for two pianos called *Le cycle de l'Amen*, gave a good idea of his style. The titles above reveal the source of his inspiration, and the great fervour of the music shows an intensity of religious feeling that is rare in contemporary art. The style is somewhat disconcerting: harmonically there is a mixture of violent discords and "ordinary" harmonies of the tamer sort that make it difficult to feel that the composer has really solved the problem of acquiring an integrated idiom; it is a very personal one, but one feels that he uses two alternative languages according to the mood he wishes to express. The alternating principle applies also to the form; in most of the pieces two contrasting subjects, each of considerable length, are used. The piano writing is admirable; the pianistic effects are always a real part of the musical idea and are never used for their own sake; the whole of the keyboard is brought into play; in fact, the composer has a marked predilection for the extreme high register where he often uses shattering discords and crushes of notes creating a percussive bell-like effect. In general, the things that strike one most in Messiæn's work are his power of musical construction on a very large scale, the sincerity of his feeling, and the originality of his thought. These are remarkable qualities, and it is time that the public was given an opportunity to hear the work of so striking a composer.

RADIO NOTES

ONE takes it for granted that Scotland Yard, having weighed the pros and cons, decided that to reveal their methods of work in a certain amount of detail would frighten the criminal rather than tip him winks; otherwise the disclosures of the new series, *There's No Future In It*, unless intentionally misleading (in which case they are not of interest), would seem unwise. To-day the "evilly disposed person" (as the banks have it) is a more Protean figure than he has been for many centuries, and, under the aegis of Fascist ideas, has wriggled his way to an ambiguous status in "civilised" society. The tacit connivance of ordinary citizens in various minor forms of criminal activity is a powerful factor in strengthening its major forms, as the ruthless crook is the first to realise. In this country, at any rate, we have reason to believe that the police are still more than a match for the criminal *in the long run*—and it is essentially the long run with which this series pretends to deal; but this will only continue to be so if those who contemplate crime remain in the dark as to the crucial twists of the maze in which they propose to engage. The experts from the Yard who take part in these broadcasts are modern men who speak with an authority that fixes our attention. They appear in comic contrast to the old lag of the "Lor'lumme!" school who steps in and out of the programme from the pages of Wilkie Collins, and who would clearly be frightened away by any old lady with a chocolate revolver saved from the Christmas Tree. These doubts apart, there is much interest to be derived from watching the criminal dropped into water and unfurling there, like a Japanese flower.

This Modern Art.—The latest contribution to the controversy aroused by the Picasso exhibition turned out to be a hideously personal, wholly endarkening, wrangle. A Christian among lions, Mr. Herbert Read did his best to argue rationally, from the facts, and without personal prejudice; but his quiet tones were quickly overborne by Mr. Bodkin, who did most of the talking and begged as many questions as were put to him. It seems that he can tolerate the horror and misanthropy of Swift and Goya, because he finds in them the "scenes of heroism and grandeur," the idealism and nobility he justly desiderates in art. But his denial of these qualities to Picasso prompts one to wonder whether he has ever looked at any pictures by this painter other than those recently on show at the Victoria and Albert Museum. The illustrations to Ovid, for instance; or the tender, brooding, sometimes excessively pathetic pictures of the "blue" period. Mr. Barnett Freedman, who from time to time contributed a roar to the furious pandemonium in the studio, seemed concerned only about Mr. Bodkin's failure to pay due attention to his (Mr. B. F.'s) painting. Mr. Herbert Hodge, rocking in the chair, endeavoured valiantly to supply the dignity, good sense and good will that were so painfully absent from most of this deplorable symposium, which can have done little but confirm listeners in whatever prejudices they entertained before it started.

Mention must be made of the especially admirable performance of Brahms's *Second Piano Concerto* by Kendall Taylor on February 3rd. This is perhaps the hardest of all concertos in which to be adequate; even great pianists often fail to rise to its arduous requirements. Mr. Taylor's style is eminently serious, robust, and above all accurate; there were very few passages in this enormous work where I did not feel that he was in real possession of the music. A remarkable achievement, which might with advantage be recorded, since the two extant sets are in various ways unsatisfactory.

RECOMMENDATIONS.—*February* 10. Fauré (Natasha Litvin, 10.15 a.m.); Concert (2.30 p.m.); "America—and Equality" (J. B. Priestley, 9.15 p.m.); Hugo Wolf recital (Astra Desmond, 11.3 p.m.).

February 11. "Plain English" (Forces Educational Broadcast, L.P. 10 a.m.); "The World and His Wife" (L.P. 6.30 p.m.); Polar Journey (9.15 p.m.).

February 12. Concert (B.B.C. Scottish Orchestra, L.P. 2 p.m.); Orchestra and Voices (7.30 p.m.); James Ensor (11.3 p.m.).

February 13. National Insurance Bill (Douglas Houghton, 6.45 p.m.); Madam, Will You Walk? (7 p.m.); "Birth of a Saboteur" (10 p.m.).

February 15. The Veto (Sir W. Beveridge and K. Zilliacus, 7.30 p.m.); Guy de Maupassant (9.30 p.m.); "What's in a Name?" (11.30 p.m.).

February 16. R.U.R. (9.20 p.m.); Beethoven Quartet (11.3 p.m.).

EDWARD SACKVILLE WEST

Correspondence

THE SIAMESE

SIR,—I have read with apprehension the terms of the treaty between Great Britain and Siam. Before imposing such terms it would surely have been wise to have borne in mind the behaviour of the people of that country during the war and under the present circumstances; and to have taken into account the effect that such a treaty would have upon the present strained political situation in the Far East.

During the war Siam took sides against Great Britain though, before it, she was one of the countries most well-disposed towards us. She is, in a sense, the foster-child of Great Britain, since it was this country which first made contact with her from the West. So successful were the efforts, in the first instance of one woman and later of all our people who went there, that Siam became a model of English ways and thought. She abandoned her own dress and adopted ours and embraced unreservedly our theories of democracy, modelling her constitution upon ours. Our way of life became, to a great extent, her way of life, our ideals her ideals. Could there be a greater tribute to our country or a sounder basis for friendship than this?

In declaring war on us, she did no more than France or Norway did. She was, by reason of her geographical position, certain to be enveloped by Japan soon after that country went to war with us. A quisling Government took control, against the will of the people, just as it did in France, Belgium and other countries overrun by Hitler in the West. Did we think then to impose terms on France and Belgium similar to those now forced upon Siam?

During the war the people of Siam were, beneath the surface, on Britain's side in thought and deed. When the war with Japan was over we occupied Siam, being technically still at war with her. We devalued her currency until the Tickel, worth two shillings before the war, is now worth fourpence-halfpenny. We took over the best hotels and filled them with our men. We took control of her banks, her industries, her Government and her armed forces.

One would suppose from this that the Siamese would be resentful and that their attitude towards us would be cold and inhospitable; that a black market would come into being, that prices would rise violently to offset the devaluation in currency, that crime would increase, that our men would be attacked by night and that obstructionism would be the order of the day. For all these things have come to pass in the other countries we have occupied in East and West.

But these things have not happened. I have been to Siam twice since it was occupied. Never, in peace or war, have I received so much hospitality, so freely given. I was invited to their homes by several Siamese families, shared their food and talked to them. They were not politicians or even influential business men; they were ordinary people who live ordinary lives and have ordinary emotions. In every house, in the place of honour, there stood a picture of their King. I was told with pride how they had made democracy a working thing, as we had taught them, how they honoured and loved their King, as we do ours, how they had practised what we preach; and I saw what it had done for them. I felt very proud that such a people should feel they owe so much to us, and very humble, realising how much we have to learn from them.

Here is an oasis in a desert. If we are honest with ourselves, as we must be who live here now, we must admit that Great Britain's reputation has fallen far. In India, Burma, Malaya, French Indo-China, the Netherlands East Indies and in China, there is a feeling that we have acted in an overbearing way for many years. It is not for me to say whether there is a firm foundation for such a feeling. Those who wish to decide for themselves must come out and strive to get inside the hearts and minds of the peoples of these lands and try to see their point of view with ours.

But not even the most bigoted of us can deny that this feeling is a very real and present thing. In many of these countries it has manifested itself quite openly and is accompanied by violence. The atmosphere of war is everywhere, even where war is not in progress.

In one country only is it confidently felt that there is no animosity towards us, no reason for revolt, no wish to harm. And yet, though the Commonwealth of Nations is in desperate need of friends in this great area of discontent and strife, we are prepared, in the old Imperialistic way, to cast away the friendship of the one country which is staunchly on our side.

If our Government plead that they have been advised to do this, then they are ill-advised; and those who represent our interests here should be replaced by men of better diplomatic calibre, of greater common sense.

Let us then face reality and think well before we cast aside the friendship and destroy the admiration of a people so much after our own hearts.

J. LUCAS,
R.A.F., Rangoon. Squadron Leader, R.A.F.

[We have received a similar warm testimonial to the people of Siam from three British officers who were prisoners there during the war and who speak of the constant and heroic aid and friendship of the Siamese people.—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

LABOUR SOLIDARITY

SIR,—I wonder if your contributor Phineas has any idea how smug his remarks on "Labour Solidarity" in the new House of Commons sound to Socialists here and, I am sure, in other countries, whose eyes have been fixed so hopefully on Westminster since last year's electoral landslide? There have been "no revolts" by the "brilliant newcomers," he writes; but the "outside critic" should not be disappointed by this because "the Government is carrying out its programme."

But progressive people in America *are* deeply disappointed—the more so because they are conscious how far they themselves have yet to go before they can be a factor in the struggle for a Socialist world. They cannot see what is so admirable about solidarity behind a programme which—so far as the world picture is concerned—still shows no glimmering of Socialist content. To them, the condition of affairs which Phineas describes seems to reveal a parochial mentality which is positively alarming in the present international setting. If the Parliamentary Labour Party is keeping the Government more in touch with the people—splendid. But what people? Merely that tiny fraction of the people ruled or influenced by Westminster who live in England?

An American Socialist-eye-view of the larger scene, as depicted in the latest newspaper reports and reflected in the statements to me of half a dozen American friends, is something like this:

UNO—British delegation reported as leading proponent of the conception that "the old League of Nations was not such a bad pattern after all, and could be used in certain cases by the UNO, notably in connection with the International Labour Office." (*N.Y. Herald Tribune.*)

UNO Trusteeships. Implication, in British offer of three African mandates for trusteeship, that these should remain under exclusively British administration. Independence offered to Transjordan but no action on Palestine, which Britain holds under the same mandate. (The smell of oil.)

Other African Colonies. No indication from Labour Government of any speeding up of the democratisation process for Negroes.

India. Wavell tells the Princes that no fundamental change in their feudal status is intended.

Sarawak. Placed under the Colonial Office (i.e., no democratic representation at the seat of government) without consultation with the native people.

Java. British forces still taking active part in struggle to maintain the *status quo*. (Oil.)

Spain. France left to take the lead in cutting foundations from under the illegal Fascist Government.

Poland. Anti-democratic Polish armed forces still functioning under British command outside Poland.

Greece. Implacable hostility towards active anti-Fascist and pro-Socialist forces continues.

U.S.S.R. From imperialist glasshouse, British Government adopts stern moralistic attitude towards Soviet "sphere of influence" moves.

U.S.A. Lord Halifax, one of principal architects of Munich, continues as British Ambassador.

No sincere American progressive denies that his own Government is a party to many of these policies and to others equally reactionary. But when the first Great Power to vote an overwhelming Socialist majority into office makes such a lamentable showing, Phineas' description of the cosy atmosphere on the Government side of the House of Commons will not persuade "outside critics" not to be disappointed. They do not expect miracles, but they do look to British Labour for leadership away from imperialism, in word if not in deed. In this sense they see the "self-discipline and commonsense acceptance of leadership" of the young Labour newcomers in Parliament as the most baffling and discouraging phenomenon of the hour.

Finney Farm, CEDRIC BELFRAGE
Croton on Hudson,
New York.

AUSTRIA

SIR,—As an insignificant member of the British Military Government in Austria, I would like to comment on the article you published on December 29th, 1945, about that country.

First, I think everyone here would agree that: (1) The Occupation Forces should be reduced as soon as possible.

(2) Zoning is a ruinous policy for economic reconstruction, but so far it has apparently not been possible to carry out Four-Power government by any other means.

(3) Quadripartite government is slower and less efficient than Military Government by one or even two Powers.

No one will be more pleased than Military Government staffs, if and when any of these policy matters are altered.

But I do not think it is realised, outside Austria, how critical is the economic situation or how far the whole administration of the country was dominated by the Nazis. If there was no Allied Military Government here, among other things, there would be two disasters. Vienna and Lower Austria would be reduced to starvation and the Nazis would regain a great deal of their influence, anyhow behind the scenes. The Austrian administration is painfully weak, due to the fact that after the Anschluss the deliberate policy of the Germans was to appoint German Nazis to the top positions in the State, and Austrian Nazis to the lower positions, with the result that the present civil servants and other essential administrators are either very old or quite inexperienced. *Everything* has to be rebuilt from the bottom, education, medical services, child welfare, all the social services for which Austria and particularly Vienna were famous before the war.

Only when we have overcome the crisis of this winter will the right time have come to implement our promises of complete political independence. At the moment the Austrians know that they cannot do without Allied help.

The second point concerns the allegations that British officers were favouring Right-wing political activity at the expense of the Left. Surely these allegations are proved unfounded by the fact that both Provinces of the British Zone, Styria and Carinthia, had Socialist majorities at the election, although before the Anschluss, since 1920, they had voted solidly Christian Social (the equivalent of the present People's Party).

The Democratic Party was allowed to take part in the elections because there is complete freedom of political activity for all except Fascists and Nazis. Since then the leader of the party, Franz Knappitsch, has been arrested. The Slovenes also formed a party, but dissolved it themselves when they found that one of the conditions of taking part in the elections was that they might not discuss alteration of national frontiers. They had all the normal democratic rights and could vote for the K.P.O. (Austrian Communist Party).

The last point is about the industrialists and bankers who gave financial backing to the Nazis. Many do still live in freedom. But this is because Austrians, who have complete control of de-Nazification, seem to fear to disturb them. There have been many trials of the small fry party members, but these sinister figures, who were mostly not members of the party, are strangely immune.

The British de-Nazification policy, now largely completed, was concerned with the relatively high-ranking members of the Nazi organisations, but the PG (Partei Genossen) and the influential and dangerous non-party members can only be dealt with by the Austrians who know at first hand what they did.

If their strange inertia continues the Allies will have to intervene. The prospects for Austria are bleak, but, at least, they are not bleaker than many a liberated country that fought on the Allied side, and she has achieved a freely elected Government in a shorter time after her liberation than any other European Power.

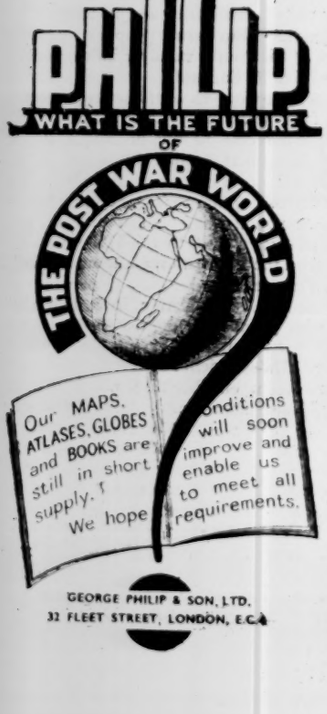
MILITARY GOVT. OFFICER

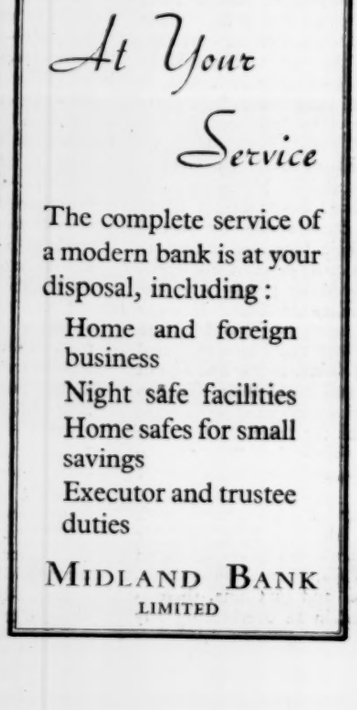
SIR,—In your number of January 26th, Mr. Ennals reasserts that the British authorities in Austria prohibited political activity by the Slovenes of Carinthia. This is a serious charge against the Military Government, and I would be glad if you could publish the facts, which are these.

Some weeks before the Austrian Elections of November 25th the British Military Government in Carinthia sanctioned the formation of a party known as "The Liberation Front of the Carinthian Slovenes," which proposed to put up candidates for the Provincial and National Diets. The Great Powers had already agreed that, pending a final settlement, the frontiers of Austria would be those of 1938. The Slovene Party was therefore informed that the frontier question might be discussed on its platform if it were acknowledged that a revision could only be made at the Peace Treaty, and not brought about, as some extremists urged, by force of arms. This condition laid down by Military Government resulted in a split between the Left and Right wings of the Slovene Party. Dr. Tischler, at that time Party leader, resigned, and his successors decided, without pressure from outside, to put up no candidates for the elections. Party meetings continued to be held by the Slovenes, especially South of the Drau, both before and after the elections, and with the full approval of the British authorities.

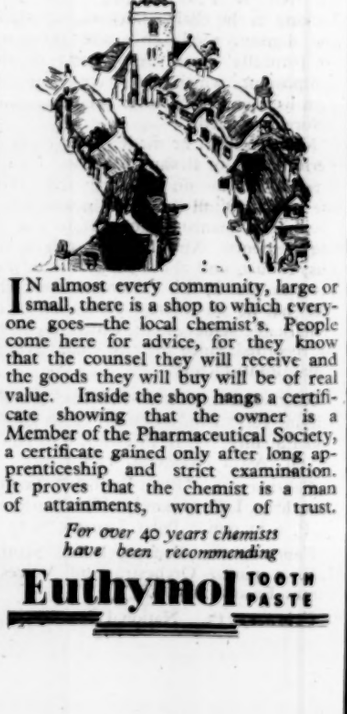
The Provincial Government of Carinthia, headed by the Socialist Piesch, made every effort to atone for the injustices suffered by the Slovenes under the Nazis. For example, Slovene teaching in Carinthian schools was introduced into villages farther North than was justified ethnographically. The feelings of the Slovenes of Carinthia cannot yet be easily assessed. The Communists, strongly linked with Tito's Jugoslavia, polled well at the elections, but the Socialists did even better, and the average Slovene farmer would probably prefer to remain part of a democratic Austria as long as he feels his Government is free of reactionary elements. Incorporation with Jugoslavia is difficult to imagine across a range of mountains almost impassable in winter.

Finally, there are many Croats and Slovenes in Austria who do not wish to return to Jugoslavia, and some of them are employed by the Allies doing useful work. Quislings are being rounded up, but not all who cannot see eye to eye with Tito are Quislings or war criminals. I agree that the Slovenes can recognise a Nazi when they see one. But some


PHILIP
WHAT IS THE FUTURE
OF
THE POST WAR WORLD
Our MAPS, ATLASES, GLOBES and BOOKS are still in short supply. We hope
onditions will soon improve and enable us to meet all requirements.
GEORGE PHILIP & SON, LTD.
32 FLEET STREET, LONDON, E.C.4


At Your Service
The complete service of a modern bank is at your disposal, including:
Home and foreign business
Night safe facilities
Home safes for small savings
Executor and trustee duties
MIDLAND BANK
LIMITED

WILLS'S
"THREE CASTLES"
CIGARETTES
The Three Castles Cigarettes
20 for 2/8
"There's no sweeter tobacco comes from Virginia and no better brand than the 'Three Castles'"
W. M. Thackeray, 'The Virginians'
Issued by The Imperial Tobacco Company (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd.
TT2137


IN almost every community, large or small, there is a shop to which everyone goes—the local chemist's. People come here for advice, for they know that the counsel they will receive and the goods they will buy will be of real value. Inside the shop hangs a certificate showing that the owner is a Member of the Pharmaceutical Society, a certificate gained only after long apprenticeship and strict examination. It proves that the chemist is a man of attainments, worthy of trust.
For over 40 years chemists have been recommending
Euthymol TOOTH PASTE

of them brand as Fascists all who are not Communists.

E. B. CALVERT

Christowe, Cheltenham.

AGRICULTURAL WAGES

SIR,—As a farmer I should like to draw attention to the grave dangers arising from the recent refusal of the Agricultural Wages Board to advance the minimum agricultural wages, and from the prospect of farm wages and the price of farm produce remaining at their present level for some time to come, in spite of the general upward trend of wages and prices in the country as a whole. The minimum wage for unskilled labourers in the building industry was on January 1st of this year raised to 88s. for a 44-hour week, and the consequences of the great disparity between this and the minimum wage for a skilled farm worker of 70s. for a longer working week are going to be very serious.

In the coal trade the claims of the miners' union for increases in wages have throughout the war been allowed, and in order to meet the resulting increase in production costs the price of coal has been continuously advanced. It appears that the agricultural industry is being singled out for very different treatment, and agriculturists are now being faced with the fact that the level of wages and prices in their industry is being kept artificially below the national level.

It is now manifestly unjust to apply the Control of Engagement Order to farm workers, and if the disparity in wages continues, before long the Government will be faced with the complete breakdown of their agricultural policy, because there simply will not be sufficient workers on the land to cultivate the farms. An ample labour force content with their wages is indispensable for a stable and prosperous farming industry, and to create this essential factor the Government will either have to hold in check the continuous advance in industrial wages by instituting a national wage scale, or the prices of farm produce must be raised in conformity with the general upward trend of prices to enable farmers to pay wages to their workers equal to those received by industrial workers.

RICHARD LAMB

Stone House Farm, Hayton, Carlisle.

STEPNEY

SIR,—Mr. Ritchie Calder is suffering from nostalgia for the Stepney of the blitz," or in other words he misses the time when it was easy for a visiting journalist to write moving and dramatic articles about the people of this district. We hope that you will allow a group of us who know Stepney well to correct the most glaring errors in the article "Stepney in 1946."

The activities in shelters, praised by Mr. Calder, were not, as he imagined, a new creation. Thanks to the desire of the people, the initiative of social workers, and the organisation of the L.C.C., we managed to carry on a fraction of the "play-readings, lectures, discussions" which we had enjoyed on a much larger scale in clubs and evening institutes before the blitz. We are enjoying them now, though Mr. Ritchie Calder did not discover that!

Of course the blitz united us. But so did the Jubilee festivities, Coronation celebrations, Rent Strikes under the Tenants' Defence League, and in fact every occasion in which the diverse elements in our population were conscious of emotion in common.

We are glad to hear that the London Plan proposes to put 60 per cent. of the people of Stepney in houses and not in flats, for we prefer houses; but we are puzzled to know where your correspondent finds this assurance in the London Plan. Nor does he mention the factor that dominates every other consideration in Stepney to-day—the shortage of living accommodation here and now. We are acutely overcrowded and there is nowhere in the district for young couples to set up their homes. Shortage of labour and materials means that they cannot be provided for a long time to come in Stepney. We must have homes, and to get them we are perfectly ready to move away from the Borough.

The Ministry of Health has urged local authorities to requisition where "accommodation is grossly in excess of need." We believe there are houses and flats in other parts of London that could be requisitioned on these grounds.

ROSE TANDY

On behalf of Raleigh Youth Club,
Whitehorse Road, E.1.

NATIONAL HEALTH SERVICE

SIR,—The swollen practices of to-day are not, as your contributor suggests, a result of the competition inherent in a system of private enterprise. In any given district either all the practices are swollen, or none are. In a poor industrial area, where the doctors' main source of income is "the panel," practices are overlarge, simply because the meagre rate of remuneration of the panel doctor makes it impossible to earn a living wage without looking after too many patients. In a more elegant, residential area, though the spirit of competition between the doctors is no different, all the practices are of a convenient size, since a few patients produce a proper income. The only way to avoid unreasonable sized practices, under any system, is to pay for each patient a reasonable fee.

The amount of the panel capitation fee has always been fixed on the basis of "how little can the doctors be bullied into accepting?" It has never been worked out on the basis (*a*) what income should a doctor earn, and (*b*) how many patients can be properly looked after by one doctor? A Minister of Health promised the doctors an enquiry on these lines at the end of the war, and the Spens Committee is deliberating, but meanwhile the unsatisfactory state of affairs in the panel service has persisted.

D. SAKLATVALA

St. Aidans, 42, Charlemont Road,
West Bromwich.

PASTEURISATION IN CANADA

SIR,—I noticed recently in your columns a suggestion that pasteurisation of milk failed to prevent a milk-borne typhoid epidemic in Montreal in 1927. It is true that there was such an epidemic—about 5,000 cases and 500 deaths—and that it was milk-borne. But it was due to the sale of raw milk as pasteurised. The epidemic was investigated by an impartial body, a special board of the United States Health Service, which found that the epidemic originated in milk supplied by one large plant. As reported in the American Journal of Public Health, the board's report said that "through advertence or inadvertence on the part of the workers, a very considerable proportion of the raw milk which entered and was distributed from the plant escaped efficient pasteurisation, or even a run through the pasteuriser, regularly or at least frequently. It appears certain that at times during the causation of the epidemic more raw milk was delivered to the plant than was run through the pasteuriser."

In Ontario, Toronto pioneered in making pasteurisation of milk delivered in the city compulsory by municipal by-law in 1915; result, the almost immediate disappearance of Toronto cases of bovine tuberculosis from the Sick Children's hospital here, though these continued to come in from outside points. Ontario made pasteurisation compulsory in all cities and towns of the province in 1938, and has gradually extended this compulsion to the rural districts until 98 per cent. of the milk delivered is now pasteurised. The result has been a great reduction in bovine tuberculosis, typhoid fever and undulant fever. Two years ago there was not a single case of bovine tuberculosis in the Sick Children's Hospital. Deaths from typhoid in Ontario averaged only 14 per annum in the three years 1941–43, a rate of 0.4 per 100,000 of population, one-third of the rate ten years ago.

GEORGE H. MAITLAND

The Toronto Star,
Toronto, Canada.

PAA

SYMBOL OF 18 YEARS OF OVER-OCEAN FLYING

THE WORLD-FAMOUS Pan American Clippers, which bear this symbol, have flown over 375,000,000 miles to 38 different lands.

Since October, 1945, new and faster Pan American Clippers have run a regular through service from London to New York—in 19 hours 25 minutes. As these regular flights increase, thousands of people in the British Isles will be able to plan a flying visit to America. That day is getting nearer. For information, write or 'phone your Travel Agent—or United States Lines, General Agents for Pan American World Airways, 17 Pall Mall, S.W.1. WHItehall 4162.

"Go by *Clipper* when you go."

PAN AMERICAN WORLD AIRWAYS

The System of the Flying Clippers

PLANT & PERSONALITY

It may seem extravagant and even eccentric to attach the much-used term Personality to such a very mundane thing as CONTRACTORS PLANT. In this instance it is not quite so far-fetched as it looks.

Without those basic qualities of strength which go to the making of every WINGET product, great and small, the difference between one machine and the next might be so small as to make the manufacture of our Plant quite superfluous. In this old and well-tried country we have come to demand, something more than average performance and humdrum efficiency in what we buy and live by. That mysterious something is what we call Personality and what is part of the price of everything we make at Rochester.

WINGET will thus continue to occupy a very special place in the consideration of those who aim to do their utmost to assist in the reconstruction of Britain.

WINGET Ltd of ROCHESTER

KENT, ENGLAND
Tel. Strood 7276

General Engineers and Construction Equipment Manufacturers Specialists in all types of Up-to-date Concrete Machinery and Placing Machinery

AIR TRAVEL

INSURE Yourself and your Baggage

WITH

THE LONDON & LANCASHIRE INSURANCE Co LTD

Chief Administration:

7, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2

WORLD-WIDE FACILITIES —WORLD-WIDE COVER

BOOKS IN GENERAL

THE next few years will show, I suppose, whether the current slump in English classical studies is merely a wartime phenomenon or one more stage on the path to their extinction. If the decline persists, then we ought to ask ourselves a serious question: are we prepared to face another Dark Ages, with Science playing the part formerly filled by Religion, and precious little prospect of a second Renaissance at the far end? For if Latin and Greek become extinct in England, it is unlikely that conditions for their survival will be much more favourable elsewhere in Europe. In America, perhaps, they might linger on for a century or two as raw material for theses and dissertations; as a living element in the European tradition their day would be over.

And how much will that matter? Are they really, in 1946, "useful"? The short answer is no; not, at any rate, in the sense normally implied in the question. The Warden of Wadham, in his recent Presidential Address to the Classical Association,* is quite candid on this point. The aim, he roundly admits, of the old classical education was "to create a full man, not to find him a job": that is to say, it was a gentleman's education, and was bound to decline along with the status and conception of the "gentleman." But if all education is to be reduced to the merely vocational, we are certainly in for a startling impoverishment in our intellectual life. A friend of mine, while headmaster of a school in Australia, once received this injunction from a parent: "My son is going to be a dentist, and I don't want him to learn anything which will not be of value to him in his profession." An austere view, certainly; and one can easily imagine the stock rejoinders. Doesn't a dentist need accuracy, and isn't it true that a classical training . . . ? The Warden, with characteristic honesty, dismisses this line of argument: accuracy, he says, can be learnt elsewhere —for example, in the study of mathematics. Perhaps he understates his case here; for accuracy in dealing with abstractions which ultimately derive from measurement is a different thing from accuracy in the formulation and correlation of ideas and is probably easier; the world is full of calculating machines, the human variety included, but it is always desperately short of people who can think clearly. Elsewhere in his address Mr. Bowra seems to admit this distinction; of Latin grammar, for example, he says that it has the pre-eminent virtue of forcing people "to ask what words mean and what a sentence is." The classics ought indeed to be a prophylactic against those half-baked philosophies and religions to which the human species seems to grow increasingly prone. A man accustomed to test ideas in the merciless glare of Latin syntax is unlikely to become a British Israelite, or a Christian Scientist, or a Buchmanite, or a Nazi; nor is he liable to swallow whole the editorials of the Hearst or the Beaverbrook or the Marxist press. I am not suggesting that the encouragement of a healthy scepticism is the main point of the classics, or that such a result cannot be achieved in many other ways. Nevertheless, credulity and confused thinking are liable, I think, to gain ground in a community unleavened by the logical discipline which Latin and Greek demand.

The real case for the classics, however, rests not on the mental training they afford (which is a valuable by-product) but on their unique literary and æsthetic value. If their decline coincides with the decline of the "gentleman," it is also a part of the general disintegration of humanism and the European tradition. Not only is the whole of European culture soaked in the ideas, myths and standards of Greece and Rome, but a large part of the world's greatest literature is written in these two tongues. Of course, translations are something: even after 2,400 years a London theatre can be packed for months by a prose version of Sophocles. But if the whole educated world, with the exception of a few scholars, is henceforth to know the classics only in translation, the result will be very much as if the entire corpus of classical orchestral and chamber music, say from Haydn to Schubert, were to vanish except in the form of piano transcriptions; or as if nothing were to survive of Italian Renaissance painting but a set of Anderson and Alinari prints.

Once concede that this is the cardinal point of classical studies, and two conclusions seem to follow. First, Latin and Greek should be restricted to those with a genuine feeling for language and literature. The dunces apart, scores of lively minded boys have no such feeling; it is as absurd to stuff Virgil down their throats as it would have been to thrust the Differential Calculus down mine. Secondly, a great deal of the traditional manner of instruction is far too ponderous and slow-moving to achieve the central object. Of course, some texts must be read in great detail, or mastery of the language will never be achieved; but a great many more should be read as rapidly as possible, and selected on literary rather than linguistic grounds.

I believe that schoolmasters have lately made some progress in this direction; and dons also are inclined to adopt a less crabbed and more humane attitude towards their studies. The tremendous bludgeonings of rival scholars, hung around, like so many Tweedledums and Tweedledees, with their monstrous array of *apparatus criticus* and parallel passages, used certainly to make a grand raree-show. But the idiom is now dead; twenty years ago, when I went up to the university, Housman was almost the last representative of the "no-quarter" school, and the pages of the *Classical Review* would be thumbed by amateurs of invective in search of such outbursts as his notice of Owen's *Juvenal*. There was something medieval in this scholarly rage, and, of course, it had its ludicrous aspect; but at least it was livelier than the extremely specialised, dry-as-dust Teutonic *Wissenschaft* which succeeded it, all too effectively warning the general public to keep off the academic grass. As Mr. Bowra points out, many scholars are still suspicious of anyone who discusses the æsthetic principles and qualities inherent in the works of art which they regard as their property: any criticism other than textual they are apt to regard as "gush." There have been noble exceptions, like Sellar and Mackail and Gilbert Murray; but, generally speaking, it remains rare to find an ancient author analysed and discussed as a modern critic will write of Rilke or Berlioz or Cézanne. It is as though, in the spheres of music and painting, there were nothing available but musicology and *Kunstforschung*.

The Oxford Book of Greek Verse in Translation (edited by C. M. Bowra and T. F. Higham) showed a welcome desire to come to terms with the general reader; and here is a volume on Horace† excellently adapted to the same end. Mr. Wilkinson sets the humane note at once by a frontispiece photograph, which I don't remember seeing before, of Horace's Sabine Farm; and immensely desirable it looks, with its walls still standing knee-high and its view up the two arms of an olive-clad valley. I am glad to find Mr. Wilkinson disposing of the hoary fallacy that the ancients were indifferent to scenic beauty. Horace in particular had an almost modern feeling for the kind of wild scenery that distressed Dr. Johnson: "What you think desolate and unfriendly wildernesses," the poet wrote to his bailiff, "are beautiful to him who feels with me." The chapter from which this quotation is taken disentangles persuasively Horace's "Character and Views"; Mr. Wilkinson is particularly careful to stress the importance of rhetoric in Latin education and literature, a great deal of prose and verse composition being little more than the writing of variations on a given theme, usually Greek in origin; the result of which is that the reader has always to be on his guard against mistaking a stock *declamatio* for the poet's own opinion. Stripped of such inessentials, Mr. Wilkinson's Horace emerges as a credible likeness, erring if at all on the side of primness: thus, the section called "Love and Friendship" contains a discussion on the poet's "attitude towards women" and his acceptance of the Epicurean view that "sexual instincts should be gratified in the easiest way," throughout which the uninstructed reader would need a sharp eye to discover that the object of these affections might belong to either sex.

It is perhaps a matter of temperament, too, that Mr. Wilkinson should think as poorly as he does of the *Satires*. No doubt they contain some feeble puns and jokes in poor taste; but I still remember with pleasure that monumental bore encountered on the Via Sacra and the liveliness and ease of the Journey to Brundisium in the company of Virgil and Mæcenas. At any rate it is not criticism of the *Satires*, but of ourselves, to complain of the number of unfamiliar words which they contain; come to that, some of us find all too many unfamiliar words in the *Odes*!

It is in the long commentary on the *Odes* (which, after all, form the professed subject-matter of his book) that Mr. Wilkinson appears at his best. His exposition of their verbal and metrical felicities is masterly and shows a highly sensitive ear; he is especially good on the continual play of assonance, alliteration and word-order which account for a great part of the pleasure which they give. One cannot exaggerate the importance of the last: in its flexibility of word-order the Latin language, "so clean-cut, so free from the fussy little words that blur our uninflected English," possesses an almost unique advantage as a medium for poetry. In Horace this placing and counter-balancing of words is carried to such a pitch of refinement that, for a modern analogy, one looks less to poetry than to the most formal kinds of painting. But such word-juggling certainly makes the Horatian ode hard going for an Englishman; and one may well speculate whether the Romans themselves did not find some difficulty in following sentences in which the adjective might lie a couple of lines distant from its noun: especially since Roman poetry was intended primarily for recitation and (according to Mr. Wilkinson) was very possibly read aloud even when the reader was alone.

Those whose Latinity has rusted are not excluded from the enjoyment of such formal and technical points as these, because the author has had the good sense to give, at the foot of the page, translations of the passages which he quotes. I wish, though, he had not fallen into the illogicality of supposing that quotations under four lines long —even when they are in Greek—can be safely left untranslated.) He quotes freely, so that his book becomes an anthology of the most enjoyable kind, enriched by the continual point and humour of its commentary. It is scholars like Mr. Wilkinson and Mr. Bowra who do most to revive our dwindling appetite for the ancients.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

* *A Classical Education.* By C. M. BOWRA. *Oxford University Press.* 8*d.*

† *Horace and His Lyric Poetry.* By L. P. WILKINSON. *Cambridge University Press.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

OUT OF THE PRISON CAMPS

Horned Pigeon. By GEORGE MILLAR. *Heinemann.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

The Camp of Slow Death. By JEAN-JACQUES BERNARD. *Gollancz.* 6*s.*

Horned Pigeon is not a sequel, but antecedent in time to the author's *Maquis*, a book I have often heard spoken of but never opened. Perhaps the label "Reads like fiction" didn't lure me, for of all life-stories that which reads like a *bad* novel has least to recommend it: more about the fictional quality in Mr. Millar's writing presently.

Here, then, is a slice of autobiography, Sept. 1941–Jan. 1943: desert fighting, capture, imprisonment in camps and Stalag, escape, the long zigzag journey across France, over the frontier into Spain and home. What adventures! One warms to the free-lances of war and never (despite prognostications) was there such a war for the individual—the expert individual, of course. Mr. Millar was such an expert; no corner too tight for him or shave too narrow; by temperament

and sympathies he was the perfect recruit for underground struggle. After escaping out of Europe he returned—officially, I take it—to join the Maquis. An appetite for the French character, even in its seamier and more ridiculous aspects, is obvious from the relish with which, though a fugitive, he adheres to the life in Paris, Strasbourg, Nancy, Lyons, Perpignan: those stepping-stones to freedom. So far as he has a complaint against the *passeurs* (escape organisation), it is that sometimes as individuals, not content to get on with the job, they wanted fun too. His own fun, one might say—a less dangerous distraction—was preparing to write about it.

No more exciting book has been written about the war: one reviewer even objected that it was too vivid. Strange complaint! Mr. Millar surprises by his mastery, not of words perhaps, but of experience. He knows what it is like to have fought in Libya, sat in prison camps, dodged through Occupied Europe; but, even more, he knows the people he has come across, from the spot-lit Rommel to a dying pimp in Lyons, and he knows himself. His grasp of a situation, and of the persons creating it, is relentless. New faces keep popping up and one remembers them: Buck, ex-prospector and all-in wrestler, tunnelling away in rock and hurling buckets of water to split the red-hot stone; Elizabeth, the big, sandy, tweeded British agent; the handsome stringy Italian steel-worker in Nancy, living on boiled potatoes and talking all the time about *la graisse* as though it were Love itself. "The Bat" catches one's eye the moment he arrives to take charge of Campo 66.

> The man was a full colonel of the carabinieri. We called him "The Bat," because he always fluttered around in a huge black cloak. He was a hairless man. He reminded me of the hairless Mexican in Maugham's extraordinary story, except that the Italian was plump and short and noisy, a shouter of the worst kind. He wore a reddish wig under his cocked-up round military hat; and beneath that toppling pile of artificial hair and stiffened blue-grey cloth and silver braid, his face seemed to be made of pinky wax. When he spoke he jerked his mouth so widely that one feared that his waxy cheeks would open in horrid, gaping, bloodless cracks.

For some pages, a repressive presence, he remains in the background. Millar and three or four others have been working out an escape which involves in its last stage mingling with a group of soldiery and walking past the sentries at the gate. As they cross the courtyard the alarm is given, pandemonium breaks out, there are cries of "*Commandante, Commandante!*"

> The lower half of the tall first-floor window directly over the noble fan of steps leading into the monastery proper shot up, and the commandant pushed his head out with the suddenness of a jack-in-the-box. It took him only a second or two to gather what was afoot; then with a piercing trumpet scream he left the window. We could hear his scream dwindle as he turned his back on the window, pounded across the parquet floor of his great office, turned right, descended the stairs. Then it grew in volume as he negotiated the ground-floor corridors, and suddenly became ear-splitting as he rushed through the doorway and down the steps, his great black cloak flying behind him.

He rushes up to each unresisting prisoner and deals him a smashing blow in the face. A few hours later, in an easier frame of mind, he is laughing helplessly over the quantities of chocolate the would-be escapers had amassed, and remarks to Millar: "Do you realise that you may have cost me my job?"

War, perhaps, stimulates the sense of caricature, as it certainly encourages monsters; and Mr. Millar, I fancy, enjoys taking our breath away by the extravagant behaviour of people in general. Partly, no doubt, he lets himself go (this gives a novelist's touch to his narrative) in order to enlarge his page; but never, I think, at the expense of actuality. Above even the most hair-raising events rises the clash of character. When at a third attempt the little group of refugees crawls across the Pyrenees we are made as acutely aware of each struggling individual as of the blizzard, the night, the enemy patrols. And at an earlier point in the story—the Strasbourg episode, a sidetracking of patriotic ardour into sexual jealousy and melodrama—we might be enjoying fiction of a very high order indeed. Am I wrong in discovering here the approaches of an unruly Simenon? Certainly Mr. Millar will write novels, and it remains to be seen whether, lacking the stimulation of war, he possesses a literary backbone.

The Camp of Slow Death is Compiègne, to which in December 1941 a thousand Jews from the Paris region were marched for imprisonment. Their ordeal was to be semi-starvation through the hard winter. A few, already too old or too ill, were released; others died in camp or after their release. Possibly M. Jean-Jacques Bernard, being a well-known writer, was a little better treated than some of the others: he seems, at any rate, to have been lucky in getting himself transferred, after a couple of months, to the infirmary. His evening temperature was then 93·5 deg., and this was not exceptional. All the inmates of Compiègne were dying, more or less slowly. No need for violence. Here, then, in exact and dispassionate terms, is a record of the Nazi torturer on his best behaviour; and the chief thing one notices about him is not his lusts or his outbursts of hysteria, but the need for degrading a victim to his own level. M. Bernard emphasises more than once that at Compiègne an assembly of Frenchmen who happened to be Jews were forced by segregation into the position of Jews in a ghetto—in order, of course, to be taunted for being so. M. Bernard and other leaders in the camp, including the brother of Léon Blum, toughly resisted the idea. But he saw only the beginnings of degradation. Soon after M. Bernard's release his fellow-prisoners were deported to the East, Silesia or Poland, never to be heard of again.

G. W. STONIER

MORE ABOUT THE DEVIL

Talk of the Devil. By DENIS DE ROUGEMONT, translated by KATHLEEN RAINE. *Eyre and Spottiswoode.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

The object of this work is to describe the devil; not to prove his existence—that is taken for granted—but to describe him and his works. Touching the matter of his existence, M. de Rougemont makes a good point. When we hear the word "God," what do our pictorial imaginations represent to us? An old man with a white beard, enormous biceps and glaring eyes "thundering from the stormy heaven of the Sistine Chapel." When we hear the name of the Devil we see a horned and grinning black demon with a tail and a three-pronged fork. Now everybody knows that the pictorial representation of God is not like God, but the fact that we do so represent Him is not taken to be a ground for disbelieving in Him. Why, then, should an equivalent pictorial representation, which we know to be equally unlike, be regarded as a disproof of the existence of the Devil? Upon those who are Christians it is, indeed, specially incumbent to believe in him. For does not the Bible refer to him continually, speaking not of evil but of the Evil One? What, then, is the Evil One?

The answer is, of course, a myth; but a myth, for M. de Rougemont, assumes an important metaphysical status. It is "a story that describes and illustrates in dramatic form certain fundamental

Ready on Tuesday

Actors Cross the Volga

JOSEPH MACLEOD

● Joseph Macleod takes up the story where he left it in his *New Soviet Theatre*, in the first year of the war. An account of the Russian theatrical life of the 19th century serves as background to the story of the Soviet theatre in the war. Not only did it face war conditions, but developed in doing so. The full significance is brought out of this amazing experiment in drama.

Fully illustrated. 16*s. net*

George Allen & Unwin Ltd

JUST PUBLISHED

Talk of the Devil

DENIS de ROUGEMONT

Translated by Kathleen Raine

★

"A grim and devilishly clever analysis of the Devil, pleasant and unpleasant, that may be in all of us." *The Star.*

"Wittily and popularly theological." *Sunday Times.*

"This witty and serious book." *Birmingham Post.*

8/6 net.

Eyre & Spottiswoode

The Development of the
SOVIET ECONOMIC SYSTEM

An Essay on the Experience of Planning in the U.S.S.R.

By ALEXANDER BAYKOV

National Institute of Economic and Social Research.
Economic and Social Studies No. V.

An historical introduction to the description of the present-day system in its principal aspects and problems. Dr Baykov is a native of Russia; much of his work on the subject was done at the University of Prague, where access to abundant Russian material was constant. From 1935 to 1939 he was lecturing in this subject at Prague.

30*s. net*

THE STUDY OF POLITICS

By D. W. BROGAN

In this inaugural lecture Professor Brogan asks many questions and answers them, and concludes with the hope that "the example of University studies may teach this terribly threatened generation that more permanent victories are won by clearer heads and cleaner hands than the world, left to itself, will suggest to the politician that he should use."

1*s.* 6*d. net*

CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY PRESS

FABER BOOKS

Archdeacons Afloat

CYRIL ALINGTON

The Dean of Durham's new book is an unusual crime-story, involving two Archdeacons travelling *incognito* on a holiday cruise. By the author of *Stranded Relations*, etc. 7/6

The Development of the Legislative Council 1606-1945

MARTIN WIGHT

The Legislative Council is the key to understanding of the British Colonial system. Mr. Wight's present study, which is introductory, is the precursor of a series that will present individually the councils of the leading colonies. 10/6

Garden Cities of Tomorrow

EBENEZER HOWARD

This famous book founded and inspired the Garden City movement, and has profoundly influenced town planning throughout the world. In his introduction, F. J. Osborn shows to what extent its ideas anticipate current planning.

Illustrated. 6/-

structures of reality." These fundamental structures express themselves in partial structures, each of which has a limited meaning only. It is with these partial structures that our minds make contact and then proceed erroneously to ascribe to them a universal validity. It is, M. de Rougemont thinks, one of the mistakes of our time or, rather, of the time immediately preceding our own, unduly to extend the scope of laws which hold only within certain provinces of reality; for example, to apply the laws of physics and chemistry to mind, of economics to biology and of mathematics to art. In our own time so many of these attempts have palpably broken down that they have led to an impatience with reason as such; thus reaction to the illegitimate use of reason produces the current irrationalism.

In fact, however, reality has certain "common measures." These we cannot conceive; we know only their partial expressions. Hence, the best we can do with the common foundational elements of reality is to describe them by myths. That is why the greatest thinkers, notably Plato, fall into the language of myth and allegory when they are trying to convey their deepest truths. The Devil is one of these fundamental "structures of force," a "dynamic unity," "anterior to all material forms, to all ideas that we can clearly set forth."

This conclusion is backed by the use of the familiar argument from the fact of human freedom. If we are to be free, we must be able freely to desire and pursue the good, and in so doing to reject the "other-than-good." Therefore, the "other-than-good" must exist, and when it "comes into play, we call it the Devil."

The Devil having once been admitted, we are instructed in the ways, the infinitely subtle and various ways, he adopts for the tempting and tricking of mankind, not the least important of which is the generation of the conviction that he does not exist.

His influence is, for example, to be found in the modern doctrine of vitality—live intensely, liberate the *libido*, dispel your complexes, and all will be well with you. In the view that the only way to get rid of a temptation is to yield to it—does not modern psychology bid us not waste our psychic energy by constant internal conflict? In the conviction that intensity of passion justifies love or even murder—"I know it was wrong, but I would do it again," even "kill him again if I had the chance"; in a population drive or a colony drive—"we must have more *lebensraum* to demonstrate our vitality." In these and a hundred and one doctrines and attitudes of our time, M. de Rougemont sees the Devil's hand and hears his voice, and though we may think it a little hard to threaten a man with the Devil because he prefers legitimate loving in private to legitimate power-exercising in public—"Augustus, forced to choose between the throne and Berenice, gave up the woman. In the same situation, Windsor abdicates amid the applause of the crowd"—we cannot but admit that de Rougemont has provided himself with a useful flail for the castigation of the times and lays about him with a good deal of effect—not but what Mr. C. S. Lewis has done the same thing better in *The Screwtape Letters*.

Indeed, for a time I enjoyed reading this book. That irritation finally superseded enjoyment was due to two things: the prevalence of special pleading and the increasing use of rhetoric. As an example of the first, take the argument designed presumably to exonerate God from the charge of having made an evil world, which purports to show that, though the Devil is objective and real, evil is not. Neither the Devil nor man can do evil, M. de Rougemont says; he can only "do evilly what he does with the gifts of the Creator." "Evil," in short, is "nothing more than a wrong use of the good, that is, of that which exists." "But the Devil, being jealous of God, attempts to make us believe that he, too, can create"; hence the belief in objective evil. But this is to transfer the burden from the action to the agent. We do *evilly* what is good; why do we? Answer: because we ourselves are, in part, evil. But to say that in respect of this part of ourselves we are actually and absolutely and not merely relatively evil, is to reaffirm objective evil.

Or, take the argument that it is not good for man to be alone, because, as Defoe said, "a man who converses with himself" can never be sure that "he is not then conversing with his enemy." But whether it is good for you to be alone depends upon the sort of person you are. If you are virtuous and agreeable, then to be alone is to be with a virtuous and agreeable person, and very nice, too. If not, if, when you look within, you feel afraid of what you find there and look outwards again as hurriedly as you can, you will be well advised to avoid solitude, especially after dark. But the fact that some of us have good reason to be afraid of ourselves when alone is not a ground for supposing that it is always the Devil and never God who talks to us.

The rhetoric is dreadful, and as the book proceeds gets worse, especially in the last chapter which is called "The Blue of Heaven," and prescribes remedies for the Devil. Christianity is to be re-invented, faults are to be recognised, the residue of sin is to be diminished, and so on. It is a chapter insipid with voracity and plangency with platitude.

C. E. M. JOAD

THE DIFFICULT CHILD

The Barns Experiment. By W. DAVID WILLS. *Allen and Unwin.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

Juvenile Delinquency and the Law. By A. E. JONES. *Penguin Book.* 1*s.*

The Barns Experiment is a deceptive book. It is far too easy to read and therein differs from other works on "problem children" and "juvenile delinquency" and "psychotherapy," which have not a tithe of its authority, but use long and impressive words for the expression of their platitudes. Moreover David Wills's racy, egotistical style veils the fact that he is describing a very brave adventure. It is all very well to enjoy his humour as he relates the rows, the crises, the tumults—individual and corporate—which are the natural first results of dealing with some 60 unhappy, dirty, frustrated, rebellious little boys (ages 8 to 14), without recourse to punishment. Those of us, Christian and non-Christian, who acclaim the truth and beauty of I Corinthians XIII should consider the cost to those who, with unending patience, act on its principles. We are too close in time to Hawkspur and Barns to assess their value. But many of those who duty it is to find wise educators for the really difficult children and adolescents will have no shadow of doubt that it is from such people as the Barns staff that they may expect help and more or less happy issue out of the children's afflictions. The easier problems may be tackled (though David Wills may doubt it) by the orthodox methods of the better approved schools but their answer to the "tough" is punishment and more punishment, and it is clean contrary to common sense and nature. There are people who are too ill to be left to the general practitioner. This reviewer would like the Superintendent of every Remand Home and the Chairman of their Committees to be made to read *The Barns Experiment*, first offering a prayer for grace, understand and courage to act. They would perhaps begin to comprehend something of the misery and fear which lie behind defiance, impertinence and temper.

PP

CURTAIN FALLS

by Frances Buckland

There is a pleasant freshness about this first novel telling the story of Mabel Price, whose flaming locks and pretty legs bring riot and dissension wherever she goes in her impudent pursuit of a stage career.

Crown 8*vo.* 8*s.* 6*d. net*

OPENING BARS

by Spike Hughes

Spike Hughes—the expert musician of catholic taste and the lively and original writer and broadcaster—here sets down his reflections on the first twenty years of his life. It is an entertaining and enlightening story told *con amore* and *con brio*.

Crown 8*vo.* 10*s.* 6*d. net*

PILOT PRESS LTD

FIRST ASSEMBLY

The Birth of the United Nations Organisation

Edited by Rt. Hon.

THE EARL of LYTTON

K.G., P.C., G.C.S.I.

¶ A handsome souvenir volume commemorating the First General Assembly of the United Nations

¶ A clear account of the evolution of the United Nations Organisation at Dumbarton Oaks and San Francisco

¶ The inspiring speeches made by His Majesty The King, the British Prime Minister, the President of the Assembly, and other statesmen

15 illustrations 7/6

HUTCHINSON

& Co. (Publishers) Ltd.

Largest of Book Publishers

Sir Reginald

COUPLAND

a new and revised edition of his biography of

Sir Stamford Raffles

the founder of

Singapore

7*s.* 6*d.*

COLLINS

Hollis & Carter

February 28th

JUNGLE JUNGLE LITTLE CHINDIT

Written and illustrated by

Major P. R. Boyle

and

Major "Jon" Musgrave-Wood

With a Foreword by

Major-General W. D. A. Lentaigne, D.S.O.

An authentic product of jungle warfare, describing the habits and doings of the Chindits of the late General Wingate's Special Force with a pungent humour which will make it welcome everywhere. It is humour in the true English tradition, based on the instinct to make the best of the worst possible situations, and expresses itself with equal brilliancy in the many extremely funny illustrations.

Crown 4to **12s. 6d. net**

So much for the moral. What of the material? The book is an exposition of the principles on which Barns was run—disbelief in punishment; the practice of "shared responsibility" by which successive generations of boys learnt to recognise the need for law and for respecting other folk's rights; the vital need of each child for love and approval" assured to him regardless of his often erratic, infuriating actions. There is straight talking about the disgusting habits and appearance of these children who must be loved; about their parents with their deplorable infidelity to their offspring and their unreliability; about the children's intimate knowledge of adult sexual life and their belief that it is in itself "dirty," about different brands of cant, including that of apostles of "self-government" in schools; about David Wills's own mistakes. There is, one is glad to read, a suggestion that in assessing the emotional disturbances which create rebel children we often forget the troubles caused by educational backwardness. It will take a long time to provide enough good parents, happily mated, to go round: we ought to be able to provide efficient schools with classes of not more than 30 long before the millennium. Equally welcome is the insistence on the place of the specialist—"no such institution as Barns should be allowed to carry on its work without psychological supervision"—and conversely on the sharing by all the staff, administrative, teaching and domestic, in the general working out of policy. As Billy, who needed a domestic helper to do first-aid, replied to the teasing refusal, "We don't have skivvies at Barns. Barns is different."

The chapters describing the educational methods both in school and out of school are full of interest, showing how habitual truants by slow and painful degrees were won over to school, "I drummed into it,' believing at long last that 'Schule is guid here." It is a great thing that the Peebles County Council and the Edinburgh Education Committee should have been willing, despite all the temptations of a public body to be orthodox at all costs, to stand with the Society of Friends behind all experimenters and a hot-gospeller like the Warden of Barns House.

Juvenile Delinquency and the Law is unwearyingly bright in its style, but underlying its facetious phrases is real understanding interest in the tragedy implicit in every case of serious delinquency. There is not much of anything that is new, but the facts relating to the social background of much juvenile lawbreaking, its causes—economic, personal and emotional—and the law and its working, are ably analysed and marshalled and there are plenty of shrewd judgments. Psychiatrists are dealt with a little cavalierly, but in the end we find that Mr. Jones places one on the statutory Welfare Committee which he hopes will in the future deal with the "pre-delinquent" (*sic*) in its district. The best part of the book is the critical description of the Juvenile Court, where the author knows every inch of his ground and sizes up the situation in a way which will open to reality the eyes of those who have hitherto accepted wholesale the view of either the enthusiast or the cynic.

He says neither "Yea" nor "Nay" to judicial whipping, but keeps on keeping on about it. I suspect that as the Athenian voter was tired of hearing about the justness of Aristides, so Mr. Jones is a little tired of the idealised probation officer, and in exalting the value of the School Attendance officer's reports he ignores that officer's usual lack of qualification for social investigation. There is more in probation than you might gather from this book, and pace Mr. Jones there are some children who rejoice and thrive in boarding schools. A useful book if not read as the Gospel.

CICELEY M. CRAVEN

REPORT ON MOSCOW

A Window in Moscow. By ALARIC JACOB. *Collins.* 15*s.*

Mr. Alaric Jacob, who was *Daily Express* correspondent in Moscow for most of 1944–45, is the author of the latest book on Russia. *Window in Moscow* describes such things as a foreign correspondent in the Soviet Union can expect to see, but the difference between Mr. Jacob and some others is that he kept his "window" open and looked out of it.

Mr. Jacob's outlook is Marxist and his politics pretty far to the Left. But the fact that he managed to hold down a job with a Conservative paper shows that his reporting is reasonably objective. And the average reader will find the reporting the most interesting part of his book.

The author's excursions into political theory will no doubt please those who do agree and annoy those who do not. The only question which concerns the reviewer is whether the author's politics have affected the objectivity of his reporting.

Mr. Jacob gives, as one would expect, a favourable view of the Soviet system, but he does not idealise Soviet material conditions.

Russia has always been a poor country and she still exudes a sour aseptic sort of poverty, somewhat like one finds in Scotland. The Russian people are used to living as though they were perpetually "camping out." And life in Moscow to-day is very much like the life of students in *Bohème*; you don't think of a house of your own or of having half a dozen suits in your cupboard; you think in terms of a good clean bed, a stout pair of shoes, enough to eat, and a smoke and a drink come happily when you can get them.

The author then, very rightly, gives reasons why economic conditions in Russia are bound to be backward at present.

Personally, I disagree with much of Mr. Jacob's formulation of these reasons, but that does not affect his reporting of material conditions, which, in spite of some lapses, is generally objective. But it is not fair to tell the reader that employees of the Moscow metro "earn just what they did before the war because their rations are priced just as cheaply as before, their rentals have not increased, nor do they pay anything for medical care or for educating their children (except a nominal fee for higher education)." This may be true as far as it goes, but in the Soviet Union unrationed goods play a great part in the workers' budget; and, of course, open market, unrationed prices have rocketed in the war. Mr. Jacob tells us

> People's Commissars, foreign ambassadors and foreign journalists all receive the same "Category One" ration in war-time, so that I am in a position to appreciate what kind of food Stalin has at home and, believe me, it is not very variegated, nor is it over-filling.

It would be impertinent to enquire into the Generalissimo's family budget, but presumably he has the same right as all Soviet citizens to buy extra food on the open market, and for all I know, the Kremlin may, like other Soviet organisations, get extra food from a subsidiary farm attached to it, or from an O.R.S. (Workers' Supply Dept.), and one hopes that Stalin and his colleagues get their proper share of benefit from official entertainment, as they would in any other land.

But there are not very many such inaccuracies of omission in the book, and the wary reader will probably be able to spot most of them for himself. The bulk of the book is straight reporting, much of which is of absorbing interest. Personally, I liked the description of Odessa best, with its accounts of the guerrilla fighting in the catacombs, but others may prefer the visit to Leningrad just after the blockade was lifted. Not nearly

RUSSIAN PROSE READER
XIX C. writers
edited by
S. KONOVALOV and F. F. SEELEY
Cr. 8vo. 7s. 6d. net

RUSSIAN VERSE READER
XIX C. writers
edited by
JANKO LAVRIN
Cr. 8vo. 7s. 6d. net

each text contains an introduction, Russian text, extensive notes to the text, and a vocabulary.

In preparation
Russian Prose Reader
Russian Verse Reader
XX Century

BASIL BLACKWELL

The Hogarth Press

Will publish on February 27:

★ **THREE**
by William Sansom. 8s. 6d.
Three stories by the author of *Fireman Flower*, who has been called "by far the most able of the younger short story writers" (*Time and Tide*), and "an exceptional writer" with "a positive and excellent style of his own" (*New Statesman*).

Second impression soon:

★ **NUNWELL SYMPHONY**
by C. Aspinall-Oglander. 15s.
"An admirable book about admirable people" (*News Chronicle*).
"A delight, so well has it been compiled and with such a taste for human life, to anyone, historian or common reader, Communist or Conservative" (*The Listener*).

George Orwell
CRITICAL ESSAYS
Essays on Dickens, Kipling, Wodehouse, Wells and other writers and an essay on Boys' Weeklies
Feb. 14th 8s. 6d. net
★
The second large edition of his
ANIMAL FARM
is almost exhausted
★
SECKER & WARBURG

UP FROM SLAVERY
by
Booker T. Washington
(World's Classics)
3s. net
Booker Washington's autobiography was written in 1900. It was a pioneer work both in negro literature and in the history of negro education, and it has become an established (but still too little known) classic. Washington, who began life as a slave, made himself the pre-eminent educator of his people, through the Tuskegee Institute which he founded in Alabama in 1881. The present reprint of UP FROM SLAVERY will be welcomed because it makes available again a delightful and moving piece of writing, and because it is a book which must be studied with care by everyone who foresees how vital a part the negro will play in the post-war world.
OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS
Amen House, London, E.C.4

enough has been published about this siege which was perhaps the most heroic episode of the whole war.

Mr. Jacob's comparisons of the British Empire and the Soviet Union are not always just, and the manner of their presentation is calculated to rouse opposition, as, for instance, when he ends his book with a warning that "The British Empire will not long withstand the challenge of Soviet Asia." The rashness of this prophecy need not blind one to the fact that the Asiatic parts of the Soviet Union have made and are making tremendous progress and that in the long run this must have wide repercussions. JOHN LAWRENCE

THE PAINT CURE

Art versus Illness. By ADRIAN HILL. *Allen and Unwin.* 10s. 6d.

When the author of this book, who is a professional painter and a teacher of painting, incurred a serious illness, he found that the weariest hours of lying could be agreeably dispersed by returning to his craft even in the restricted conditions of the prone position. Gratitude for the relief which this afforded prompted him to pass on the good news to his fellow patients, and as soon as he was up he had on foot regular painting courses, not only in his own sanatorium, but in neighbouring hospitals as well. So successful was this experiment, judged by patients and medical staff alike, that he has written this account of his adventure, in order to evangelise the doctrine of art therapy, and to hand on to enthusiasts what he learned by it. Mr. Hill is obviously a very good teacher, and, besides prospective art-therapists, anyone engaged in teaching art will find much to learn from his book; it has, too, some points of interest for the amateur, whether of art, criticism or education, notably in relation to the attitude of the ordinary person to art.

Mr. Hill evidently believes—and I am sure he is right—that it is best to start with contemporary painters and to work backwards. The first thing that anyone who has tried to teach any of the arts discovers is the solid frozen surface which hardens so early over people's sensibility. Any child of thirteen can tell you what a picture (or a poem) should be and, even more dogmatically, what it should not. Nearly all Mr. Hill's patient-students began by painting not what they saw or what they felt but what they had come to think of as "pictures." It is this conventionalised "picture"-making which ossifies the good intentions of provincial art centres and has, to our great detriment, made the word amateur a term of reproach. The first job of the teacher or therapist is to break down the surface and to persuade the beginner to trust and to enjoy his own vision and feelings. (It is interesting that Mr. Hill found that the weaker or iller the patients, the more readily did they allow their imaginations to function, while returning health bound the surface over again with the conventional sheet of ice.) Once the thaw has begun, even the most stolid of beginners re-discovered what they knew by instinct in the nursery, that art is *Fun*. If that discovery can only be made, the teacher need worry no more; the creative flow is free, and even those who find they have no talent for painting are on the way to enjoying art by re-looking at pictures.

Mr. Hill's belief that art can have an uncommonly wide therapeutic importance is borne out, I suppose, by the almost universal nursery paint-box. One of the most stubborn objections which he hopes to break down by this book is that coming from nursing staffs who are trained to pay a highly exaggerated deference to cleanliness. It is apparently forbidden even to hang pictures on hospital ward walls; so enthusiasts may judge of the tact required to infect the average hospital with oils, water-colours and pastels. But Mr. Hill's own experience is encouraging; the race of matrons who prefer their patients spotless, even at the cost of their health, appears to be passing, and perhaps soon the whole profession will catch up with Florence Nightingale, who is quoted here as writing in 1860 of the extraordinary value of pictures as an aid to the recovery of the ill. T. C. WORSLEY

BOSTONIAN POLAND

We Stood Alone. By DOROTHY ADAMS. *Longmans.* 15s.

A combination of biography with propaganda is legitimate, but (as the Lives of the Saints witness) it is seldom artistic. This is no exception. Miss Adams, who came from Boston to study at the London School of Economics, met Jan Kostanecki at a Federation of League of Nations Societies conference at Cracow. He was at L.S.E. too, as it happened. They fell in love. She struggled against passion with all the weapons of a Bostonian Adams, capitulated, and married her suitor and Poland at once. He became a Polish Government economist, and was killed in a plane accident just before the outbreak of war.

As the story of an American married to a Pole it is a good story. Her relations-in-law belonged to the Polish gentry, small landowners, universit professors—her father-in-law was the Dean o Medicine of Cracow University. The world o Turgeniev, as far as the Poles, reunited and freed were able to recreate it; but not the genius o Turgeniev to invest the scene with poetry Here is Uncle John's farm:

> When the road turned, the horses broke into canter. We swerved off the highway and gallope down the steep lane that led to Uncle John's house The wooden gate was open under the lindens. T the right were the old brown barns, to the left th small village of whitewashed log cabins, their gre thatched roofs thick with lichen. After the hig road, the sand of the turn-around was soft.

Then Uncle John, his mind equally divide between making the land pay and endless rubber of bridge.

Or the likeable father-in-law, fussing like ma over a reception for the President of the Republic which should have the head of the table, th President or the Archbishop of Cracow? Th mother-in-law, pious and gentle, absorbed in th religious *oeuvre* of providing dinners for th destitute—but with no idea of changing th conditions in which the rich, for reasons of piet find room to spend their lives in alms-giving.

The most remarkable chapter is a descriptio of a work of religion: the Asylum for the Blin at Piaski. This was a charity run by aristocra out of their own money. It was lay, thoug Catholic; the ideal being absolute service an abnegation. Miss Adams was baffled by a ric ex-Papal Chamberlain dressed like a peasant:

> He had given up a promising diplomatic care to teach blind boys how to milk cows. He had n even gone into the priesthood, for fear of diverti his energies from "serving" into making a caree

All that, the old, Catholic, romantic Polan now vanished for ever, certainly merited recor Perhaps it merited even love and admiration. B the political creed interwoven into it seems me horrifying. It is nationalism in all its meane manifestations. Greed, greed, greed. On t Upper Silesian division, Jan Kostanecki speak

> Either you side with Germany, or following t Fourteen Points you let the Poles reunite!

Miss Adams never reveals that reunion of t Poles meant to her husband and his frien possession of every mile where a Polish farm employed twenty German or White Russi labourers. On the minorities, Miss Ada reports conversations full of shocked dismay the atrocities of Ukrainian revolutionaries; s

PLATO FOR PLEASURE

By Canon Adam Fox, formerly Professor of Poetry at Oxford. From the introduction: "The works of Plato have generally been in the hands of philosophers and scholars when they ought to have been in the hands of the people." These words largely indicate the purpose of *Plato for Pleasure*, and the title does the rest.

8s. 6d.

WESTHOUSE 49 Chancery Lane W.C.1

February publication

James Hanley

WHAT FARRAR SAW

A new novel 8/6 *net*

NO DIRECTIONS

Uniform edition 6/- *net*

★

PL Book

Henry Miller

THE COSMOLOGICAL EYE 10/- *net*

★

William Russell

A WIND IS RISING

A new novel by the author of *Robert Cain* 10/6 *net*

NICHOLSON WATSON

The Labour Research Department, 45 Lincoln's Inn Fields, London, W.C.2 (HOL 4079), has just published a pamphlet—"*Rural Realities: Social Services in the Countryside*" (6d., 7d. post free). This exposes the backwardness of housing, education, health and other services in the countryside, and shows what a difference new Labour Councils could make. A. C. DANN, of the Agricultural Workers' Union, writes an introduction. We have also just published the "*Cost of Living Index: Why it must be revised*" 3d. (4d.). And we are about to publish "*Wages, Prices and Profits*" 6d. (7d.), a review of war-time experience and of recent wage movements — factual, but exploding much of the nonsense talked about wages in current controversy.——We can invite subscription to our periodicals—*Labour Research* (monthly, 5/- a year), *Social Service News* (monthly, 5/- a year), *Fact Service* (weekly, 5/- a quarter); in them we try to supply informed comment, background and current, of use to the Movement.

LABOUR RESEARCH

THE GIFT OF READING

The more people turn to books, the better the prospects for the post-war world. There are many ways of developing a love of books amongst those of your friends who "can never find time for reading". Give them books. Lend them books. Tell them that there are books about every subject that interests or perplexes them. Here is a job in which every booklover can, and should, help.

ISSUED BY BOOK TOKENS LIMITED

says no word of the bloodstained "Pacification of the Ukraine," no word of the betrayal of the pledge to give the Ukrainians autonomy; unless a remark that the Poles were "justified in treating the peoples within their borders as a great family" be read as meaning that it was well to deny them all minority rights.

The trouble is that the reader must know enough of Polish history between the wars to check the accuracy of this writing. Otherwise he will be left unable to account for the diminution of Polish prestige between the wars, for her loss of the warm sympathy earned by courage and unsubduable patriotism during the Partition. This book might be one on the rule of the National Government written by the wife of a cousin of the Chamberlain family. The Polish ruling class, and this daughter of Poland by adoption, never grasped that patriotism is not enough.

FREDA WHITE

RICHARD HOOKER

The Political Ideas of Richard Hooker. By E. T. DAVIES. *S.P.C.K.* 6*s*.

The Elizabethan age in England was essentially a practical age; its writers produced no intellectual systems, and few political (or other) theories. Of those few, Richard Hooker was the most distinguished. Liberal, uncontroversial, and infallibly judicious (even the injudicious marriage ascribed to him by Izaak Walton has recently been proved a fable), he analysed the hard, dry dogmatism of the early puritans, their pedantic scripturism, their tyrannical theocracy, and offered instead a broad and humane erastianism, which, though it has made no great stir in the world, is nevertheless the most creditable feature in the historical English Church. It is true that the low temperature of Hooker's work makes him more often praised than read; but does anyone read Calvin or Suarez either?

Hooker's contribution to the English Church is easy to assess. When it was new, weak and somewhat disreputable, he gave it its intellectual credentials and its historical pedigree. Against the intolerant hebraism of the calvinists, he advanced a humaner conception of society as an organic whole, regulated not merely by scripture and example, but also by human reason and history, and by the various forms of law which they have sanctioned. Much is said, or hinted, of the Caroline divines—a noble company of clergymen who are reputed to have performed this service for the Church under Charles I; but after long and tedious study of Laud's clergy, I confess I have failed to discover these important thinkers; and since their defenders avoid naming them, I have concluded that they are mythological creatures, like centaurs and hippogriffs. The real theorist of the Anglican Church was Richard Hooker, who died before Queen Elizabeth. The philosophy of Laud, his erastianism, his medievalism, his insistence on the unity of society, is only a more urgent, more pedantic interpretation of the philosophy of Hooker; an interpretation rendered harsh by application among an unwilling people.

In this little book, Mr. Davies gives a short but useful account of this philosophy. He shows the political implications of the puritan system, which provoked it, and reminds us that the early puritans (unlike their Independent successors) were the enemies alike of freedom and humanism; he gives an excellent summary of Hooker's theory of law; and he does not conceal the inconsistencies of his opinions on political obligation and the relations of Church and state—inconsistencies inherent in all but the most relentless erastianism, and inevitable to one who was, after all, an idealist of the *status quo*. Only the title of Mr. Davies' book seems more ambitious than the subject. Hooker is not really a political thinker; or at least, his political thought is the weakest part of his thinking. Like Laud, he believed the Church and the Commonwealth to be coextensive in society; but his interest was primarily in the Church, about which alone he thought seriously. A sixteenth century political theorist who knew neither Machiavelli nor (even more significant) Bodin, is at best a secondary thinker.

Nevertheless, all political writers have a double significance; those whose conclusions turn out to be untenable, may yet, to the historian, have a symptomatic value; and Hooker's insistence on the necessity of law is perhaps more significant as a symptom than as a solution. Like Shakespeare, who, in a purposeless and arbitrary world, clung desperately to the traditional regulation of society—

> Take but Degree away, untune that string,
> And hark what discord follows!

So Hooker, in his most eloquent passage, protests against the cosmic confusion from which we are only precariously protected by the brittle machinery of Law. In an age of unedifying litigation, such urgent veneration for Law is very significant. It reminds us that the self-confident nidividualism so often associated with the age of Elizabeth did not extend to its profoundest thinkers.

H. R. TREVOR-ROPER

Week-end Competitions

No. 837

Set by W. R.

Six guineas are offered for the best six-line epitaphs on an inanimate object, *e.g.*: a discarded desk or tall hat. Entries by February 29th.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 834

Set by Sam Smiles

Six guineas are offered for an extract in not more than 200 words from a history written in the Elysian Fields by Macaulay or Carlyle and describing the scene at the Central Hall, Westminster.

Report by Sam Smiles

It is delusively easy to imitate Macaulay, but it is difficult to imitate him well; and the Carlyle entries were most of them much better done. Towanbucket places Mr. Eden at the meeting, a mistake that Macaulay would never make; moreover his style is tinged with Lytton Strachey's. Lt.-Cmdr. Douglas Clark ends his entry superbly: "The curious outcome of the splendid experiment, every schoolboy of fifteen knows." Dorothy Hyson, Ronald Mason, T. S. Barnes, Maurice Cranston, and E. W. Fordham are the runners-up. I recommend a guinea and a half each to L. E. J. and R. J. P. Hewison, and 12*s*. each to J. R. Till, John Lake, Towanbucket, John Lodwick and Comdr. Gragge.

. . . The external trappings were austere. This illustrious convention of the Nations, among whose delegates stood, conspicuous only by their modesty, the controllers of a military might beside which the veteran armies of a Bonaparte, the unconquered legionaries of an Akbar, the fabled hordes of a Jenghis Khan were but schoolboys playing at soldiers, wore the outward appearance, in its workaday and sombre garb, of a Railway-Clerks' Annual Rally. The men in whom were centred the hopes and fears of millions, whose thumbs were to be turned up for the peoples of the world to live, or down for an ancient civilisation to perish, droned through the strident throats of the loud-speakers the commonplaces of Geneva, the generalities of Versailles, in the flat tones of the classroom or the Sunday School.

To a spectator in the gallery, all seemed unity and good-fellowship. But already, as the still surface of an Alpine tarn is ruffled by the catspaw that foreruns the storm, this august assembly was to feel upon its cheek the first chill shivers of an icy wind, blowing

HERBERT JENKINS

Just Out

Angling Diversions
by A. COURTNEY WILLIAMS

This book of angling history and humour can be described as a "different kind" of fishing book. "Particulary welcome." *Liverpool Echo.* *Illus.* 8/6 *net*

Far-Off Strands
by DALE COLLINS

". . . very neat, fool-proof little pieces with plenty of action and that indispensable thing, called a twist, that magazine editors dream about . . ." *Observer* 8/6 *net*

Man of Death
by ARTHUR GASK

Here, Arthur Gask has again written one of those outstanding mystery stories which have secured for him his enviable reputation. 8/6 *net.*

HERBERT JENKINS LTD

HARRAP

Book Society Recommendation

The Cross and the Arrow

ALBERT MALTZ

An absorbing psychological study of the minds of ordinary German people after nine years of Nazism portrayed through the medium of a gripping story of an act of sabotage in an obscure German village.

9*s*. 6*d*. *net*

READY FEBRUARY 22

CHARLES JACKSON
The LOST WEEKEND
[3*rd imp.* 8*s* 6*d*]

E. M. ALMEDINGEN
DASHA
[2*nd imp.* 8*s* 6*d*]

EUDORA WELTY
The WIDE NET
[2*nd imp.* 7*s* 6*d*]

THE BODLEY HEAD

Reprints now available

Psychology and the Social Pattern
JULIAN BLACKBURN 10*s*. 6*d*. net

Economic Development of the Middle East
ALFRED BONNÉ 12*s*. 6*d*. net

Nationality in History and Politics
FREDERICK HERTZ 25*s*. net

The Regions of Germany
ROBERT D'CKINSON 10*s*. 6*d*. net

In the International Library of Sociology and Social Reconstruction

KEGAN PAUL